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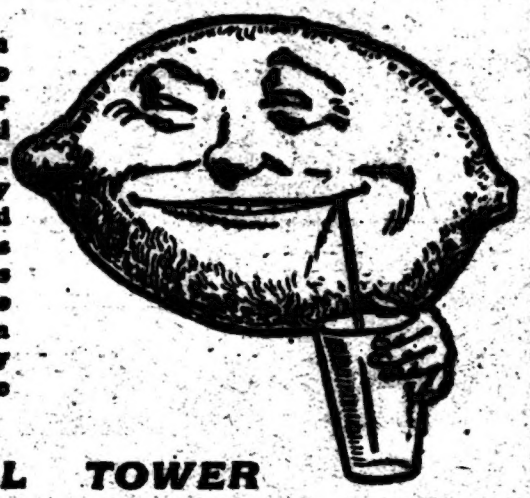

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE.

Five Hundred Cash Tickets are asked for in SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th).

Is yours one of the valuable ones?

No. 839. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 16, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

Do Clever Boys make Successful Men?

VIEWS OF EMINENT HEADMASTERS.

[Here is an article which should deeply interest parents and schoolboys, and it comes appropriately on the top of school "prize-days" all over the country. It only remains to add that, "clever" being rather an elastic term, the eminent headmasters who are kind enough to give their views on the above subject were asked to take it as meaning, in this instance, "prize-winning."]

The Headmaster of Harrow (Dr. Joseph Wood).

THE determining factor in success is not cleverness, but character. That is as true at school as it is in manhood. Cleverness may win prizes—in school or on the Stock Exchange—but it is character that wins all that is most worth the winning.

The Headmaster of Cranleigh School (Dr. G. C. Allen).

So much depends on what is meant by "success." If it means financial success—"making a pile"—probably the answer would be in the negative.

The boy of studious and literary tastes, however able, does not as a rule possess the gift of turning his abilities into gold; while far less able boys, who are possessed of the necessary shrewdness and business capacity, after doing nothing of any distinction at school, often make their mark in after life.

But there is plenty of good, though less conspicuous work done by the class about which you inquire, and absolute failure is almost unknown.

The truth lies rather in Thring's well-known saying that "the best work is often the worst paid."

The Headmaster of Sherborne School (the Rev. E. B. Westcott, M.A.).

IF there is a popular impression to the effect that prize-winning boys do not succeed in life, the impression is wholly wrong.

The bulk of the clever boys I have known in thirty years of continuous experience have "succeeded." I mean in the sense in which the term is used by ordinary people.

Sometimes they are unambitious, and don't wish to "succeed." Sometimes they fail through some weakness, such as a tendency to drink. Sometimes they are "worked out" before their time; but this is only very rarely.

In business they don't succeed; but mainly because they don't go into business.

The business faculty is something altogether apart from the ordinary mental gifts we call cleverness. I have known boys whose school career was a total failure (on the intellectual side)—who never learned (or, apparently, could learn) anything—succeed admirably in business.

From this I deduce it is not learning (commercial or other) which is needed in business; but natural shrewdness, energy, and character.

Of course, there must be scientific knowledge somewhere; but it is not needed for business "success." I suspect a successful man would tell you he can always "buy" as much as he wants.

However, I wander from the point! Once again let me say that clever boys do usually succeed wherever brains have fair play—in the learned professions, in public life, in administration, in letters.

The Headmaster of Malvern College (the Rev. S. R. James, M.A.).

Your question is not an easy one to answer. I had eighteen years' experience at Eton, and have been here nine years; but I cannot give any definite figures as to the success of prize-winning boys in after life.

I am inclined to think that such boys do more often succeed than not; but that those who, *after leaving* school, attain the very highest positions in the University class-lists, are on the whole rather less successful than those who have not been quite so severely strained.

Among my pupils at Eton and here, there have been a number who have passed into the Home and Indian Civil Service, without having been very highly distinguished at the University; there have also been many who have passed into Woolwich and done very well in the Engineers.

But among the most successful of my own contemporaries, and of my pupils also, there have been many who were not distinguished, either at school or afterwards, as first-class men or prize-winners.

It must be remembered that a very large proportion of prize-winning boys have to earn their own bread and butter as soon as their education is completed; whereas many boys who are perhaps equally capable, but have not been obliged to work their very hardest at early stages, can afford to wait a bit, and to proceed by unpaid, or almost unpaid, offices (*e.g.*, private secretaryships and the like) to distinction.

Among those who took their degree at Cambridge more or less at the same time as I did, the men who have earned distinction (outside the scholastic profession, and away from the University), did not, with perhaps two exceptions, stand high in the Tripos Lists.

But I know that there are many striking instances to the contrary.

The Headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham (R. Carey Gilson, M.A.).

I RATHER doubt whether the "popular impression" to which you refer goes so far as is implied in the phrase "the prize-winning boy *more often than not* fails in life."

If it does, it is most certainly a vulgar error. Very much more often than not he succeeds in life. I quite admit that he *sometimes* fails. Similarly a boy of unusual physical vigour sometimes, by his own fault or by misfortune, becomes a chronic invalid before middle age. I also admit that a boy quite undistinguished at school sometimes attains great success afterwards. But the reverse is the rule in both cases.

Popular impressions are, of course, often quite erroneous. Though they are never without a cause, and if one disputes, then one must be prepared to explain how the error arose, since its existence is itself a fact to be accounted for.

In the present instance, my explanation is two-fold. In the first place, we are very prone to notice occurrences which are exceptional, and forget those which are normal. How often in the obituary notice of some eminent man do we not read that so and so "had a distinguished career at school and college"? This being quite natural, attracts no attention, and causes no comment. The opposite (and comparatively quite uncommon) case, of a man who showed no special ability or power till after maturity, is at once noticed, and fixes itself in the memory.

Secondly, "success in life" is not a very well-defined term, and we tend to estimate such success rather too much by a *pecuniary* standard. The amassing of wealth is only in part a token of ability. Opportunity also enters into the matter, and sometimes, it is to be feared, other factors which we shall not even try to cultivate or develop at school. And some of the very ablest and most truly successful of men actually lack the inclination to grow rich.

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COUNSEL (to lady witness): "What's your age?"
Witness: "Twenty-nine, sir."
Judge (looking up from his papers): "Did you not appear as a witness some ten years ago?"
Witness: "I did, my lord."
Judge: "And was not your age on that occasion also twenty-nine?"
Witness: "It was, your lordship; but what I say I adhere to. *I* am not one of those persons who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE F.A.F.

Annual Subscription of £25 Promised.

THE Prince of Wales has graciously announced his wish to become an annual subscriber of £25 to the FRESH AIR FUND.

This generous gift was made known in the following letter:—

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
Pall Mall,

Sir,

I am directed to say that the Prince of Wales has read with the deepest interest your appeal for the FRESH AIR FUND.

The work upon which you are engaged strikes his Royal Highness as one which appeals to all lovers of children, and the fact of your fund providing a day's enjoyable visit to the country for those poor little children who cannot, through force of unfortunate circumstances, be otherwise taken out of London, renders it still more attractive.

The Prince of Wales wishes to become an annual subscriber of £25 to your FRESH AIR FUND, and his Royal Highness trusts that your appeal will meet with the success it so thoroughly deserves.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) W. CARINGTON,
Comptroller and Treasurer to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Esq.

This simple and sympathetic expression of the Prince of Wales's appreciation of the FRESH AIR FUND's work affords but another instance of the known compassion of his Royal Highness with all the poor and suffering. His splendid generosity is an example which, if followed by other "lovers of children" as widely as his Royal Highness hopes, should enable the FRESH AIR FUND to go to the depths of every slum in the land, and ensure that no poor child in the kingdom shall pass through this year without at least one day in the country.

This is the FRESH AIR FUND's fifteenth season, and its operations have been extended still more widely for the present summer's work. Every day parties of hundreds of children go shouting with joy from the smoke and grime to the blue skies and the flower-scented air—from evil and squalid surroundings to the peace and beauty of the fields and woods.

Yet every day tens of thousands more are left behind, wondering whether the FRESH AIR FUND will grow rich enough to take them, too, before the summer dies.

"You appear to have travelled a great deal," said the first passenger; "do you find that the people of any locality are more cordial or hospitable than those of another?"

"No," replied the other, "I can't say that I do; nearly everybody asks me to call again and——"

"Good gracious! you must be popular."

"Not at all. I'm a bill collector.

HE FORGOT THE HOLE.

THE old fellow kept a general shop in a provincial town; he was no scholar, and knew nothing about book-keeping in the proper sense of the word, yet he had a system of his own which he considered infallible.

Not being able to write to any extent, but having a natural ability for drawing, he used to keep accounts by making diagrams of the articles sold. On opening a specified page of his "ledger" one would see a curious collection of diagrams, representing various purchases made by a customer.

On one occasion his infallible system went a little wrong. That was because it was not worked properly, as he afterwards explained. A customer entered the shop and expressed his intention of settling his bill; turning up the proper page, the old fellow prepared for the settlement.

"You bought a cheese," he began, "and that kind of cheese that I've got down here would cost——"

"I didn't buy any cheese!" objected the customer stoutly. "Don't like it!"

"You had a cheese!" persisted the shopkeeper doggedly. "I've got it down here as plain as anything."

"I didn't!" was the equally dogged reply. "The only thing I've had of you is a grindstone!"

"Of course!" cried the shopkeeper, thumping the table. "It was a grindstone! I forgot to draw the hole!"

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

A BRILLIANT NEW SERIES. *START TO-DAY.*

THE DIARY OF A BABY.

Being a Free Record of the Unconscious Thought of Rosalys Yeolde Smith, aged One Year.

- - - By BARRY PAIN. - - -

(This series commenced in last week's P.W., which may be had for twopence on application to the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.)

IV.

Thank you, O destiny! I am pleased with myself and with other things. I have given Uncle Templeton his lesson. Mamma says I have been a very naughty girl. Uncle Templeton said that, too. Nurse said it. So did the gardener when she told him about it. I wonder they don't train the dog to say it. But that does not matter. If I employ a man as uncle and godfather, and he tries to do my birthday on one-and-fourpence, and also displeases me in other ways, then I have got a right to act. I have acted quite a good deal.

Uncle Templeton arrived last night. He has a thin face, and looks as if a pin were scratching him. He is too austere and much too old. At breakfast he inquired for me, and I was brought down to see him. I was very fragrant and bedecked. I wore my slightly plaintive expression, and I was extremely angelic and kissy-kissy. As soon as I saw Uncle Templeton I stretched out my hands to him and give an ecstatic coo. He did not want to take me, and he had never taken me before, because he is a coward, but this time public opinion was too strong for him. He balanced me on his knee with one arm round me, and I stroked his face and made some more dove-noises. He called me a remarkably forward young lady, but he was secretly pleased. "I always think," said mamma, "that the best test of a man's character is to see whether babies take to him or not." I said nothing. I was simply biding my time.

And he did it—he did the very thing that I knew he would do. He pulled out his watch.

You may take it from me—and I am a baby of some experience—that whenever a man is suddenly called upon to tackle a strange baby, he always pulls out his watch. He lets the baby hear it go tick-tick. He touches the spring and shows how the lid flies open. He opens it further and exhibits the mysterious moving wheels. And he does it to amuse the baby—that is the tragedy of it. Let me be perfectly fair. The first once or twice the watch entertainment may be interesting enough. But when you get to my time of life and have been shown that little game some sixty or seventy times, you feel that you do not want any more of it. You could do with a change. Also, it was quite plain to me that Uncle Templeton was under the impression that he was being generous and original, and this was still harder to bear.

Yet I bore it all. I looked where I was told to look, and I listened to the tick-tick, and I did it all with a shy, sweet smile that might have come out of a picture-book. Then I held out my hand for the watch.

"Don't give it her," said mamma.

"Just for a few seconds," said Mr. Templeton Pratt. "I'll keep an eye on it."

There he flattered himself. I did not wait; I started the first moment that I got the watch in my hands. One quick jerk and it flew over my head into the fire-place. At the same time, with a sideway scoop of my right foot I sent his cup of tea over his light spring trousering, and, before he could recover, a good drive with my left caught him clean on the point of the jaw. The careless beggar nearly dropped me. Then everybody at the table intervened, and the great thing seemed to be to get me out of the room. Uncle Templeton's principal idea was to get his watch out of the grate, and his secondary idea was to get the tea out of the trousering.

I met him later in the garden. He was dressed in a darker suit, and he was taking a small parcel to the post-office for registration. It was a good watch, and he was quite right to send it to the firm that made it for the necessary repairs. He looked as if that pin were pricking him worse than ever. I waved one hand vigorously to him, and produced the bright, silvery laugh that mamma likes so much. He never took the slightest notice. Such manners! When he had gone, my nurse, who was carrying me, said to me: "Look here, my Topsywops, do you know what you are? You're a Holy Terror."

I have not the slightest notion what my christening cost, but it seems to have been money simply thrown away. If the names Rosalys Yeolde Smith were not written in the Bible that was given me by my second-best godmother, I should begin to doubt if they were really mine at all. People call me just anything. However, it was on the whole a most satisfactory morning.

Later in the day I considered very seriously the question of my education. I must not only talk, but I must talk correctly. The few intelligible sounds that I make at present are not English, and have to be translated. For instance, "oom" signifies "mamma," and "der" signifies "papa." If I say "ta" once, it means "thank you." If I say it twice, it means "farewell" or "*au plaisir de vous revoir*," or something of that kind. That is my entire vocabulary, and, speaking candidly, it does not amount to much. It did very well when I was young, but the time has come for an advance.

I have decided to take a short English word and practise it in solitude until I can pronounce it in the grown-up manner. I shall begin with the word that I heard the gardener say when he found what the pigeons had been doing to the early peas. It strikes me as being an easy sound to make. I do not know what it means yet, but I daresay I shall find out as soon as I try it in public. It will be quite a pleasant surprise for everybody. It will show that I am not quite the frivolous, ignorant girl for which some people seem to mistake me.

V.

At breakfast-time this morning mamma said to papa: "Peter, you're a fraud. You've not even begun that portrait yet."

"No, dear," said Peter. "I've got one or two other things on hand, and——"

"You can't have got anything as important as the portrait of your own daughter which is to be a birthday present to me. Morning after morning you take her over to the studio. What's the sense of it, if you don't begin to paint her?"

"Well, my idea was to learn her by heart and then see if I couldn't do something from memory. There's a lot of chaps can work it that way, but I'm blest if I can. Unless I have the thing bang in front of me I'm done."

"Then why don't you paint her when she is there—instead of waiting till she has gone, and then grumbling because you can't paint from memory? You're not practical, Peter, and you never were, and you never will be."

Papa shook his head. "You don't know, my child. It's not easy. When she's awake, she's never still for two seconds. And when she's asleep——"

"Well, she looks too absolutely charming when she's asleep. Why don't you try that way?"

"When she's asleep, she hasn't—she doesn't seem to have—any face."

"How dare you tell such outrageous——"

"What I mean is that when she's asleep you lose the eyes, and there isn't much else to go by."

"It's true she's got the loveliest blue eyes in the world. It was really too clever of her to have blue eyes and dark hair. Wait, I'll tell you what to do. Get a good photographer to take a snap-shot of her. Then he can enlarge it until it is as big as you want the picture to be. And you can paint over the top of it. How would that be?"

Papa smiled sadly. "It would be beastly—but I am ashamed to say that I had thought of something of the kind. Leave it to me, my dear. I've got to think it out. I'll fake up something or other."

He took me over to the studio again, and sat and stared at me for a long time. I don't know whether papa is aware of it, but if he does not get that portrait of me finished very soon there won't be any more hair left on that bear-skin rug of his. I'm getting on with it very fast, and he never seems to notice. What a row there would be if nurse or mamma knew! The trouble with papa is that he never sees anything except what he is looking at, and he never looks at anything except what he wants to see.

Many ladies came to see mamma, and I was brought down at their request. I daresay they meant well, and I fear that mamma encourages them, but I wish they could look at the thing more from my point of view. The exhibitions mean a lot of extra work for me. I am made far cleaner than there is any real necessity for, and my hair gets brushed more than is good for it. I have to put on gorgeous raiment. I am patted and stroked, and handed about from one to another. It's very tiring, and I'm beginning to get a bit sick of society.

"Can she talk?" said one beautifully-dressed imbecile.

"Not very much," said mamma; "but, then, she's got such expressive eyes."

No; I could not talk very much. I should be sorry to talk quite so much as some of those beautiful ladies were doing. Still, by this time I was completely master of that one grown-up English word, and I thought this would be a good opportunity for it to make its first appearance.

One of the ladies obtained permission to offer me a small piece of sponge-cake. I accepted it, though it was all inside, and I prefer the brown part.

"And what do you say for that?" asked mamma.

She expected me to say "Ta," which is the infant abbreviation for "I am much obliged." But I had a different idea. I closed my eyes, as I generally do when I wish to concentrate my mind completely. Then I said the word the gardener used when he saw what the pigeons had done to the early peas. I said it very loudly and distinctly, and well.

"No, sweetheart," said mamma; "jam wouldn't be good for you."

Now the word I had learned and had just said was not "jam," and I had no intention of being misunderstood, so I repeated it several times. I also sang it to a sort of pibroch of my own composition. Nurse kept saying, "Hush, hush, Miss Rosalys!" and hurried me upstairs again. Well, it seemed as good a way as any other of getting taken back to the congenial atmosphere of the nursery. And it certainly seemed to amuse the ladies downstairs, except the vicar's wife. So one might have thought it was all right.

But it seems that it was all wrong. Nurse says it was naughty. So does mamma. I am never, never to say that word again. It's just like my luck. The only real word I've ever learned is apparently the only word that I may never use. I shall simply have to go back and start life again. There are many difficulties in the way of self-education. I suppose I shall have to take lessons. I wonder how the first person who ever talked managed to learn it?

(Another instalment of this series next week.)

WITH A PURPOSE.

A well-known M.P., who has always enjoyed a safe seat, was much distressed when he learnt that he was to be opposed at the last election. Hearing that the opposition was being engineered by a wealthy local draper, he strongly remonstrated with him.

"What is the use of fighting me, Mr. Blank?" he asked. "It is a waste of time and money, for I had a majority of 3,000 votes at the last election. Moreover, I have served the constituency well for many years, and I think I deserve a walk-over this time."

"Certainly you do, sir, and only stern necessity counsels me to force a contest upon you," answered the draper. "Unfortunately, my bungling manager, making sure there would be an election, has bought a huge stock of coloured handkerchiefs and ribbons as party favours, and I shan't have an earthly chance of getting rid of them unless I rig up a fight of some sort."

A noted evangelist is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the South.

At the close of one of his meetings a very large, old, coloured woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly, while she said:

'Bless you, Brudder Jones. You's evahbody's preacher, evahbody loves ter heah you preach, an' evah niggah love to heah you; an', Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than any white man that evah lived; an', Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but, t'ank Heaven, you've got a black heart!"

AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

It was the year 2106. They were all sitting on the roof garden of the Five Mile Building. They had dropped in from all parts of the world to enjoy a view of the English Channel. At least three planets also were represented in the company present, but it was an old Londoner who was doing the talking.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I can remember distinctly when they used to measure the height of a building in feet, and not in miles."

The Venetian whistled. The inhabitants of Venus are not particularly well bred.

The old man did not notice him.

"Why, when I was a boy, there were some old buildings along the Strand that were only ten storeys high. Fact. And the lifts in those days were crude and slow affairs, and ran with a cautionary slowness that would make us die of ennui. I have sometimes been over a minute in going up in one of those old-time buildings. Rather different from now when we make the 1,500 storeys in this building, for instance, in three-quarters of a second."

"But how could they afford to have such low buildings and such slow service?" asked a young fellow from Mars, who was spending the day on Earth.

"Why, my grandfather has told me that those very buildings were considered wonders, and those lifts were thought to be marvels of speed——"

This was too much for the assembled company. They all pressed the top buttons of their vests, and a moment later they were hundreds of miles away, and the old man was alone.

Miss Mabel (showing photographs to Mrs. Mutch Bigg): "I always like to get a snapshot of people unawares; they do look so screamingly funny."

Mrs. Mutch Bigg: "What a delightful idea; it must be a revelation to some of them."

Miss Mabel: "Rather! There's one of you running after a 'bus in the pouring rain—the time you rushed into a policeman and your hair all came down. It'll make you roar; you'll come to it presently!"

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

. . THE . .

MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE

Fresh List of Towns this Week.

Carry a Copy in Your Hand all Day To-Day and To-morrow (Saturday). Show a Copy in Your Window.

The following are the towns which will be visited by The Mysterious Millionaire and some of his assistants during this week. According to his weekly letter he will be in these places some time during the afternoon of to-day (Friday), and to-morrow (Saturday):

NORTHWICH. CHARLTON KINGS. MAIDENHEAD.
KNUTSFORD. WALTHAM CROSS.
NANTWICH. BLOXWICH. CHESHUNT.
WHITCHURCH. UXBRIDGE. WALSALL.
CHELTENHAM. SOUTHALL. PLECK.
LECKHAMPTON. SLOUGH.

Besides these towns the M.M. and his assistants will pay surprise visits to as many towns and villages as possible during the week.

COPIES EXCHANGED FOR ARTICLES.

Mr A. G. Stone, Seamen's Institute, Newhaven Harbour, pair of boots.
Mrs. Watson, 84 Westgate, Pickering, half-a-dozen spoons.
Mr. W. E. Eade, 4 Fullers Passage, School Hill, Lewes, half-a-pound of tobacco.
Mr. E. Somes, 27 Hawley Street, Margate, summer jacket.
Mr. G. W. Maskell, 30 London Road, Dover, tobacco pouch and tobacco.

COPIES BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Mr. G. Guillermind, 15 John Place, Ryde, I. of W.
Mrs. B. C. Hazell, High Street, Ingatestone.
Mr. J. C. Charlton, 6 Westminster Place, Newport, I. of W.
Miss K. Bell, 16 Swanton Road, East Dereham.
Mr. W. Rogers, High Street, Epping.
Mr. W. H. Payne, c.o. Mr. W. Young, 7 Mainstone, Romsey.
Mr. W. W. Word, 18 St. Andrew's Square, Hastings.
Mr. J. Wharton, 12 Ballygate Street, Beccles.
Miss A. Edlington, Refreshment Rooms, John Street, Filey.
Miss B. Dean, 2 Greening Court, Dorchester.
Miss Duke, Red Lion, Evesham.
Mr. J. Phillips, The Express, Lowesmoor, Worcester.
Mr. S. Toole, c.o. Mrs. Miller, Park Terrace, Falkirk.
Mr. F. Amos, 14 Park Street, Ashford, Kent.
Mr. G. A. Carr, The Cross, Larbert, N.B..
Miss E. Howet-Hay, Linden House, Alloa.
Mrs. Wallis, Sunny Side, Worcester Street, Pershore.
Mrs. Horobin, 3 Views Terrace, Pickering.
Mr. J. W. Willoughby, Scarboro Arms, Scarborough.
Mr. R. Hindshaw, McEwan's Royal Restaurant, Stirling.
Mr. H. C. Padwick, 32 Osborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth.
Mr. R. Swinard, St. Kilda, Albemarle Road, Willesboro, Ashford, Kent.
Miss A. Wimble, 34 New Street, Ashford, Kent.
Mr. T. Steven, 13 Victoria Road, Grahamston, Falkirk, N.B.
Mr. E. Povey, 52 New Street, Ashford, Kent.
Mrs. E. Adams, "Ashleigh," Madison Avenue, Bournemouth.
Miss J. Sinclair, 32 Haugh Street, Carron Road, Falkirk, N.B.
Mrs. M. Moran, 29 Deysdale Street, Alloa.
Mrs. E. G. Booth, 7 Lowesmoor Place, Lowesmoor, Worcester.
Miss E. Keefe, 4 Forge Lane, Ashford, Kent.
Mr. F. Tinley, 148 London Road, Dover.
Mrs. E. Kerr, 17 Stuart Street, Millport.
Mr. D. McCallum, 193 Gt. Junction Street, Leith.
Mr. R. Paterson, 1 George Street, Dunbarton.
Mr. F. Keeler, Coast Guard, Whitby.
Mr. J. Snowden, 11, Castlegate, Pickering.
Mr. H. McLellan, Boyd Street, Prestwick, Ayrshire.
Miss J. Stevenson, 37 Vicarton Street, Girvan.
Mr. J. Nelson, 26 Oakbank Terrace, Girvan, Ayrshire.
Mrs. J. Smith, 24 Oakbank, Girvan, Ayrshire.
Mr. U. Amey, 4 South End Terrace, Ringwood.
Mr. B. W. Courtney, High Street, Epping.
Mr. L. Martin, Arnold Place, Hastings.
Mr. J. Mitchell, 24 Stonefield Road, Hastings.
Mr. W. Rugg, Fernbank, St. Ives, Ringwood.
Miss K. Pope, Haslemere, Ringwood.
Mrs. F. A. Fox, London Clothing Co., South Street, Romford.
Miss B. Eversfield, 36 Hillside Road, Buckland, Dover.
Miss M. Kemp, High Street, Pershore.
Mr. L. Wright, 12 Mess, H.M.S. *Republic*, Sheerness.
Mr. A. Clew, 2 Old Park Cottages, Buckland, Dover.
Mr. L. Salisbury, Central Restaurant, 21 High Street, Evesham.
Mr. G. McCombie, 3 Hill Terrace, Kilbowie Hill, Clydebank, N.B.
Mr. M. F. Milledge, The Baths, Bournemouth.
Miss F. Oke, co. Anderson's Ltd., 7 High Street, Southend.
Mr. A. Dibdall, Rising Sun, Wimborne.
Mrs. Coombes, 482 East Boro, Wimborne.
Mr. A. S. Turnbull, 45 Murray Place, Stirling.
Mrs. Fry, 1 Old Park Cottages, Buckland, Dover.
Mrs. S. Coward, 54 Garland Road, Heckford Park, Poole, Dorset.
Mrs. H. Huby, 22 Eastgate, Pickering.
Mrs. J. Miller, 75 St. John Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
Miss I. McLocklan, Royal Restaurant, Mill Street, Alloa.
Mr. A. Perkins, 4 West Street, Reigate.
Mrs. Harris, 32 Gossets Street, Prittlewell.
Mrs. S. Wellstead, Christchurch Road, Ringwood.
Mr. F. Clough, 9 Sandgate, Whitby.
Mr. Jas. Knights, 32 Pudding Moor, Beccles.
Mrs. Ford, 58 Denmark Road, Longfleet, Poole.
Mr. W. Noakes, 6 Bakers Terrace, Ingatestone.
Mr. J. Mackenzie, 9 London Road, Reigate.
Mrs. T. R. Stickland, 56 Denmark Road, Poole.
Miss D. H. Hunt, 82 High Street, Poole.
Mr. J. Chapman, Railway Inn, Station Road, Ely.
Mr. J. Hoare, 31 Victoria Road, Poole.
Mr. W. Harvey, Old Road, Wimborne.
Mr. C. Stephens, Russell Place, Poole.
Mr. D. W. Cutler, c.o. Mr. Helm, Church Street, Wimborne.
Mr. E. Rose, Workmans' Hall, East Street, Faversham.
Miss A. Brown, 2 Fair View Terrace, Upper Hamworthy, Poole.
Miss B. Post, 20 Effingham Road, Reigate.
Mrs. F. Ingram, Anchor Hotel, Redhill.
Mr. J. W. Sheet, 30 Birkheads Road, Reigate.

By A BRITISHER.

An Answer to the Article in Last Week's Number "Where America beats Britain."

SOME time ago it was fashionable to dub our business methods antiquated, while belauding the American methods. Time has shown that our methods are much superior.

To use the words of the Postmaster-General of Canada: "The talk that the Americans are to invade Britain is the merest nonsence. True, there is much already in common between the two nations, but that America is to reorganise Britain along its own business lines is a result that will never come to pass. If ideas are presented which slightly differ from the ordinary old style of British business methods, they are called American, and I am afraid the word is somewhat overused."

When the American commercial travellers invaded England, their tactics were amusing. London was flooded by American "drummers," desirous of introdusing every article within the realms of imagination.

Nine-tenths of these things are useless here, and many of the travellers marched boldly into private offices, retaining their hats and cigars. They then proceeded to assure the astonished merchants that Englishmen were "dead slow"—a century behind the times, in fact.

THE GREAT FAULT OF AMERICAN METHODS.

Then they introduced something which they said would "revolutionise the trade," but which in price, quality, and utility bore no comparison with goods made here or imported from the Continent. The result was that the drummers, with their new methods, returned home, sadder and wiser, though in an utterly dejected condition.

The American public school system is not working well, neither is the police system, while in most manners of organisation we are ahead. When the librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library visited this country, he declared that our public libraries compared most favourably with those of his own country, while none of the American libraries even approached the Ryland's Library, of Manchester.

One great fault of American business methods is that everything is standardized. While the results of standardising are frequently excellent, still, the method has been carried too far. The uniformity is wearying, and that which cannot be bought at one place cannot be bought elsewhere, as it is not the usual type.

The great drawback to American standardising methods is that no attention is paid to special things; uniformity is insisted upon, and this is losing the United States much ground.

BEATEN AT THEIR OWN GAME.

In most branches of industry the American business-men are at one with Mr. Edison when he declares that he fears Britain. The American manufacturer is losing ground owing to his long delays and inattention. Chicago is importing steel and iron from this country, because orders placed here are delivered in quicker time than those placed with the home manufacturers.

The Americans introduced high-speed cutting-steel made by the Tailor-White process, yet our manufacturers quickly caught up to them, and now far excel them in efficiency and simplicity. The use of this steel within the last four years has done more to alter the methods of work in machine shops than anything which has happened for a quarter of a century. Although the Americans were the first to produce it, yet several Sheffield firms are now actually shipping hundreds of tons a week of this steel to America.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company required four tunnels constructed, and they decided to make the competition open to the whole world. The well-known firm of Messrs. Pearson and Son, of London, secured the contract, which is one of four millions sterling.

BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE WORLD.

The result of the no-favour competition staggered the Americans to such a degree that the leading New York paper referred to the matter in the following words: "We cannot comment to-day on the contracts for the tunnels; all we can do is to gasp with genuine surprise."

In the construction of locomotives this country is far ahead, and is selling a vast number of locomotives and petrol engines in America. Some of the best known "fliers" in America are drawn by British locomotives, the maintenance of which is considerably less than American locomotives. In the Soudan our engineers have guaranteed the delivery of powerful locomotives in half the time required by the Americans.

We have even gained ground in electric traction, which America recently had all its own way. Now, American engineers are sent to England in order to pick up information regarding electric traction, which is making far more rapid progress in this country than in America.

It is the same as regards our machinery: British-made cycles are far preferred, while even the United States Government sends huge orders to this country for boilers for battleships, cruisers, and gunboats.

The same state of affairs is to be found in most branches of industry; even in the production of pianos this country is forging ahead, and, despite the duty of 45 per cent. levied on pianofortes introduced into the United States, a large number are being obtained from this country.

It is now acknowledged in America that British workmanship is the best in the world. While our workmen put in a deal of unnecessary work, still the articles which are produced far outlast those produced in the States.

There are engines working in the States which were sent from this country forty or fifty years ago, and this in spite of the fact that the Americans are fond of change, and of introducing new machinery. In the American factories the constant aim of the manufacturers is to employ English workmen, owing to their superiority.

Then the hustling in America is the cause of a great waste of time and energy. Time often is actually lost by hustling and exaggerated hurry, while anything gained is paid for at a great price. It is the pace which kills, and in most businesses there are no old men, and only a few middle-aged.

THE LOSS OF LIFE IN AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

There are no Saturday half-holidays, as a man has to work the full six days a week. While the wages in many industries are big, the average wage falls considerably, owing to there being no work at all for long periods, thus bringing down the wage actually received during the year. The cost of living is very high, and this affects the real wage.

The waste of life in America is simply deplorable. To take the case of railways: one employee in four hundred is killed in the United States, against one in nine hundred in the United Kingdom, while approaching one hundred thousand people are killed and injured yearly on the American railways.

The average loss in the American mines every year is one thousand five hundred killed and three thousand six hundred injured, while the records of death, accident and disease in other industries is equally bad.

The best authorities in America are of the opinion that the United States has discounted the future, and that the crest of the wave of prosperity has passed already. This was the opinion of Mr. Cornelius Rozenraad, when he addressed the Institute of Bankers on the International money market.

He stated that the rate of exchange, the true barometer to judge of a country's liabilities, is constantly against the United States, owing to her liabilities to other countries being so heavy. With regard to business morality, a strong searchlight has been thrown by recent revelations, which have shown that the methods are rotten to the core.

EDITOR (to Reporter): "Have you got the account of that Woman's Suffrage meeting that's been held?"

Reporter: "Yes, sir."

Editor: "What's that big roll of paper under your arm?"

Reporter: "What they said at the meeting."

Editor: "And that slip of paper you have in your hand?"

Reporter: "What they did."

FREDDIE'S MYSTERIOUS CYPHER.

CHILDREN have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course, that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Bride are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystified by their remarks to each other.

Last night they had their new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible.

So he called out, "Mamma!"

"What is it, Freddy?" asked his mother.

"Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r g-r-e-e-dy?" spelled out Freddy, triumphantly.

ARTIST: "I want to get a frame for a rather important picture I've just painted."

Picture Dealer: "Certainly, sir. For your own use?"

Artist: "No; I'm sending it to the exhibition."

Picture Dealer: "Just step this way. I've the very thing. There! You see, the design of the frame is a nymph on each side! Absolutely excludes all danger of having the picture hung upside down."

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JAPANESE CHILDREN'S CHARM.

THE Japanese children wear about their person a small metal plate or ticket, called a *maigo-fuda*, on which are inscribed their name and address; thus to the authorities and others it may at once be known where and whom they belong to, in case they should be found to have gone astray.

Another peculiarity of Japanese child-costume, but less worthy of general imitation, is the *kinchaku*, or charm-bag. This is made of a bit of some bright-coloured damask, and contains a charm, which is supposed to protect them from being run over or drowned.

A CHILD of three years old is half the height that it will ever reach.

ON an average, the letters received by the German Emperor number nearly six hundred a day.

A PEERESS's train varies in length with her rank A duchess may have her train three yards long, and a marchioness two and a half yards, while countesses are limited to two yards.

YOU MUST NOT SAY "RABBIT."

IN the estimation of the average Cornish fisherman, "rabbit" is an ominous word, and should it happen to be used by anyone in their hearing when they are on their way to sea, it is sufficient to send them home again for that occasion for fear of accident.

In Cornish fishing circles many tales are told of disasters that have followed defiance of this superstition and persistence in putting off in their boats after the unlucky word had been spoken.

Formerly, the word "church" was equally obnoxious to the fishermen, and was sedulously eschewed in conversation, on the water particularly. If a case arose, as sometimes it would, in which a sacred edifice had necessarily to be referred to, "cleeta" was used instead of church, and whatever was ominous or evil in the sound of the latter was imagined to be thereby avoided.

To be perfectly proportioned, a man should weigh 28lb. for every foot of his height.

IF a well could be dug to the depth of 46 miles, the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

A FRENCHMAN has invented an instrument of torture which he calls a motor-syren. It is capable of being heard seven or eight miles away when sounded on the seashore, but on an inland track it can be heard for twelve or thirteen miles.

WE DON'T NEED ANY SLEEP.

MR. EDISON has adopted the theory that sleep is only the force of habit, that if they but try, men can get along without sleep precisely as they get along without stimulants. He accounts for the sleep habit as follows:

"The truth is that this habit of sleeping originated when there was no such thing as a good artificial light. People could not read, they had no way of amusing themselves at night, so when darkness came there was nothing left for them to do but lie down and lose themselves in oblivion.

"Now that we have the electric light and other means of illumination, the world is sleeping less and less every year. By-and-by, gradually, of course, the time will come when an hour or two of rest will be enough. Then people will find that they have been wasting valuable time. It is all right for a man to change his work or seek some sort of diversion, but that is very easy to do by changing work and varying the subject of study."

This is precisely in line with the philosophy which holds that men are only what their environment makes them. In support of his theory Mr. Edison relates that when the phonograph had to be finished in a certain number of hours in order to be in London on a certain day, he worked continuously for seventy-two hours without a minute of sleep, and so did all his assistants but one or two.

His chief assistant says that Mr. Edison has gone on for years, working hard with very little rest, merely dropping down occasionally for a rest of an hour, or, perhaps, only for ten minutes, and then coming up again apparently as fresh as if he had had a long holiday.

GOLF.

A WRITER in a local paper has this to say regarding the game of golf: "Golf is a great game, but shiver me niblicks if I think it comes up to tiddledy-winks. It is played with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindoostani, any old clothes, and a large assortment of oaths."

MASTER: "If Mr. Jones should come before I'm back, tell him I'll meet him at seven o'clock."

Bridget: "Yes, sir; but what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

JUDGE: "Have I not seen you twice before under the influence of liquor?"

Defendant: "If you were in that condition, your honour, you probably did see me twice."

"WHO is that benevolent gentleman giving marbles to boys?"

"He is a tailor."

"I suppose he gives them to lads because he is fond of young folks?"

"Oh, no; he does it because he knows they will wear the knees of their knickerbockers out playing with them."

A VERY GOOD REASON.

A SMALL youth entered a pawnshop in Gateshead and placed a frying-pan on the counter.

"Thrup-pence on the pan, mister," he demanded in a shrill voice

The assistant picked up the pan to examine it; but quickly dropped it, exclaiming angrily: "Why, it's hot, you rascal."

"Of course, it is," replied the youth; "muvver's just fried the sossidge in it, an' she's waitin' for the money ter get the beer!"

HE (who has known her three days only): "May I call you Edith?"

She: "I don't see why; my parents thought Emily was quite good enough."

LOWFER: "I notice you have put an orchestra in your restaurant. Did you do it on the theory that music aids digestion?"

Mr. Eatinghouse: "No; the music sets the customers' teeth on edge, and they bite the toughest steak with the greatest ease."

MINISTER (mildly): "I've been wanting to see you, Mr. Kurd, in regard to the quality of the milk with which you are serving me."

Milkman (uneasily): "Yes, sir."

Minister (very mildly): "I only wanted to say, Mr. Kurd, that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

TOLD THE TRUTH.

A WITNESS at a recent trial, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question put to him, was interrogated by a blustering counsel as follows:

"You drive a waggon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, did you not tell my learned friend so just this moment?"

"No, sir."

"Then, for goodness sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."

"No beggar," says the philanthropist, "will go away empty-handed from a good man's door."

Not if he can reach an overcoat from the good man's hall-rack.

PUNSTON: "See here, old chap, what do you mean by taking my jokes and passing them off as your own?"

Funston: "Well, you see, it's this way; I'm a good-natured sort of fellow, and don't mind taking a joke from a friend."

"I'M afraid I'm rather heavy," simpered the stout lady as the boatman staggered through the water and plumped her down on the shingle.

"Don't mention it," said the boatman gallantly, "why, bless yer, I do a bit in the butcherin' line now an' then, an' I'm used to lugging fat pigs about."

PAYING HIM OUT.

AN ironworker having had the worst of an argument with a friend decided to get even with him.

Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly to awaken him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside man, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away, satisfied with the plot.

MERCHANT (to new boy): "Has the bookkeeper told you what you are to do in the afternoon?"

Youth: "Yes, sir; I am to wake him when I see you coming."

PASSER-BY: "Why are you trying to kill that dog?"

Policeman: "He's mad."

"How do you know he's mad?"

"He refused water."

"London water?"

"Yes."

"Bah! That's no sign."

HOUSEHOLDER (awakened by a man in his room): "Hi! Stand still or I'll fire!"

Man: "For goodness sake don't shoot. I am a reporter of the DAILY BUSTER, assigned to write a story on 'The Experiences of a Burglar.'"

WHY IS THIS SO?

A CURIOUS mystery is the temporary uneasiness of animals about an hour before dawn, no matter at what hour this occurs. Children turn and moan, elderly people awaken and turn over for another sleep, cocks crow, dogs become uneasy, and horses and cattle move about for a short period, when stillness returns for a time. What is the cause?

Are the animals affected by some magnetic wave which precedes sunlight an hour or so, or is the habit one of heredity passed down through numberless generations from an original wild state, when an alertness just before daylight was necessary for protection from enemies?

ABOUT half a million of the population of England earn their living in the spinning and weaving of cotton.

IT has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks up from the earth about 128 tons of water.

WHY HORSES NEED SHOEING.

As soon as the horn of the hoof begins to be worn away faster than it is renewed by natural growth, and that is as soon as the horse is obliged to do regular work upon ground which is not itself in a state of nature, or to undergo more than a voluntary amount of travelling, under imposed conditions, on any sort of ground whatever, a shoe of some kind becomes a necessity.

When shoes, of one kind or another, began to be worn by horses has always been disputed by learned gentlemen. Nor, perhaps, is it of much consequence whether the horses of Pharaoh were shod, or how they were shod, when they perished in the Red Sea, or whether Homer, Virgil, Horace, and other "ancient classics," when they are poets, are to be taken literally rather than figuratively in the epithets which they apply to horses. These would no doubt be considered by a farrier to indicate that reference is made to a hoof garnished with some sort of metal.

As for the ingenuous observers who draw inferences from works of sculpture, they might as well argue that the heroes and heroines of antiquity habitually went about, winter and summer, "mid nodings on."

Xenophon, no doubt, as a writer of plain prose and of works relating to horsey matters, would deserve the most serious and respectful attention; but memory fails to recall any remarks of his about what we should regard as properly called shoeing.

Certain protections for the horse's hoof may be mentioned in the works of Columella and Vegetius; and in the time of Constantine the Great there is said to have been known a foot-gear for horses which was fastened to the pastern. However, the earliest known specimen of an iron horse-shoe fastened with nails, is said to have been that which was discovered in the tomb of the Frank King Childeric, who died in 481, and whose tomb was opened in 1653.

THE elephant in his prime sleeps only five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he requires.

GOLD, silver, and copper are commonly called the precious metals, yet there are at least 27 other metals of greater pecuniary worth. Of these, gallium is worth £13,600 a pound, while gold is worth only £80.

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Price one shilling—"A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing"—a volume of 488 pages, containing a selection of informing paragraphs that have appeared on this page. Post free on receipt of fourteen stamps.

When Conscription Comes.

This tells you how long you may have to Serve as a Soldier.

It is whispered that sooner or later Britain will be placed on the same footing as the continental powers, and enforce conscription. This is the opinion of many in high places.

If conscription were materialised in this country, the plan of organisation would be based on one of the following systems.

All Frenchmen must enter the army at twenty; but those who wish to enlist may do so at eighteen. Conscripts serve three years with the colours, ten in the reserve, six in the territorial militia, and six in the territorial reserve. About 280,000 youths reach the age of twenty in each year.

Personal service is obligatory on every Frenchman. Men under five feet two inches are exempted, as also those whose natural infirmities unfit them for service, the eldest of a family of orphans, the eldest son of a widow, or of a disabled or aged father.

These exemptions are much the same all over the continent, and no doubt if conscription were put into force in this country they would largely obtain here.

Conscription was enforced in Austria in 1868. You have to serve three years with the colours, and seven with the active reserve. A man is then placed in the landwehr, and, finally, in the landsturm. That is to say, as soldiers were wanted for active service, the men would be supplied by the various divisions of the army, taken in rotation, beginning with the men with the colours, then the reserve men, then the landwehr men, and, finally, the landsturm men.

This rule applies generally to nearly all conscript countries, and it would probably be so in ours.

The German conscript serves either two or three years with the colours (depends on branch of service), then five with the landwehr, and seven with the reserve.

Italy is a conscript country. You may have to serve two, three, four, or five years with the colours, after which you are transferred to the militia, where you remain till you are forty.

In Russia, 950,000 men each year attain the age of twenty-one, when they are made conscripts; and they are soldiers till they reach the age of forty-three. The Russians spend five years with the colours, thirteen years with the reserves, and the rest in the militia.

Service is obligatory in Sweden; but the Swedes only assemble for so many days in each year, and then they go home. In other countries the conscripts live in barracks like an ordinary soldier while they are with the colours; and without a doubt this would be the custom here in England if conscription were made law.

Switzerland has a militia system which calls up its men for about four months for a certain number of years, after which you are a free man. Of course, you are placed on the landsturm till you are forty; but this division hardly knows practical soldiering.

Holland has no standing army, but it has a national militia, which is raised by conscription. You are called up for ninety days in each year for three years, after which you are granted unlimited furlough as a member of the reserve.

Portugal has an easier system of conscription. When you arrive at conscript age you can buy off, otherwise you serve for three years with the colours, five in the reserve, and four in the landwehr.

Danes are conscripts at twenty-two. They serve eight years with the colours—much longer than any other continental country—and eight with the reserve.

Belgium adopts substitution, and the period of liability is thirteen years.

Spain's system of conscription is similar to that which obtains in France.

Turning to our own country, if the day should ever come when our young men are made conscripts, it would probably mean three years' service with the colours, nine in the reserve, and eight in a second reserve, equal to the forign landsturm.

Should Wooing be done in the Morning?

By Our Heart Specialist.

PRACTICALLY all the wooing which is done nowadays, is accomplished during the evening. Courting couples meet at social gatherings, dances, and when making private calls on each other by gaslight. They are fond of taking strolls together at night, under the glare of lamps in the city, or beneath the moon's cold ray in the country.

Custom seems to have woven a curious connection between lovemaking and twilight. Moonlit strolls are often the prelude to proposals.

There is something to be said for the time-honoured practice, which has made evening the favourite time for wooing. When the day's work is over, and the cares thereof are put aside, seems at the first glance the best hour for lovemaking.

Courtship is a pleasure which is not improved by interruption. Indulged in at certain earlier portions of the day, it might interfere with one's work, and love or business would, of course, have to suffer in consequence.

At an evening courtship the events of the day which is just drawing to a close can be discussed. And when all the important things necessary have been said, the lover can escort his adored one to her parents' house, departing with a light heart, knowing that she is safely sheltered till another day.

Then, again, it may be noted that girls are in more real need of a protector in the evening than in the morning. In many cases, if they had no sweetheart to walk out with, they would be obliged to remain indoors the whole evening, or venture forth at the risk of molestation, through being unattended.

Moreover, a man proudly feels his importance as a protector when taking his *fiancée* for a nightly stroll, far more than he would in the day time.

In addition, there is a semi-privacy about evening walks which adds to their charm. At night in the country Nature is silent, there are no annoying diversions to distract one's attention; in the town there is less risk of recognition by effusive acquaintances, whose demonstrative greetings might be more embarrassing than welcome.

When a man is going to propose, or a woman is about to answer, the ever-fateful question, too, a little twilight is sometimes very grateful and comforting, giving courage to the wooing and to the wooed.

But, in spite of these considerations in favour of evening courtships, there are many reasons why the present custom should be reversed—why wooing should be done in the morning.

Whether marriage is a lottery or not, it is certain that a great many hymeneal unions turn out to be most unfortunate.

There must be a reason for this, and may it not lie in the fact that many people imagine themselves to be in love when they are not?

Illusion often prompts young persons to plunge into the sea of matrimony when, had they been guided by reason, they would have refrained. Illusion often ends, however, with the honeymoon; and then disappointment and trouble begin.

Illusion is all very well in its way, under certain limits; but when it is powerful enough to precipitate one into an unsuitable marriage, it is thoroughly bad.

Morning instead of evening courtships would be the means of removing many of the illusions, which are full of danger for young people with matrimonial aspirations.

In the evening girls and men are usually seen at their best. By their intended partners they should also be seen at their worst. Evening is almost indispensable to mere sentiment. Morning is almost synonymous with reason and common sense.

In the evening there is often an absence of calm and poise, rendering one incapable of seeing matters pertaining to love in their true proportion.

The brain has brilliant but unsound ideas. Conversation which seems true, witty, or wise in the evening may next morning appear almost or quite ridiculous. Personal blemishes, as of the complexion, for instance, which pass unnoticed under an artificial light, may render their owner less charming when seen by the light of day.

Such an important and fateful business as wooing ought certainly to be done when the mind is freshest and clearest—in the morning. Before breakfast is probably the best time. Then lovers might take long, refreshing, health-giving walks, and quickly gain quite new ideas and views respecting each other, obtainable in no other way.

If any sweethearts doubt this, let them try the plan. They will be astonished at the result. The evening lover is quite a different being in the morning.

Why I Don't Travel.

By the Cantankerous Crank.

THE really travelled man is he who stops at home. On this theory few are so competent to speak of foreign countries, their scenery, cities, and national life, as myself.

I am the most widely stopped-at-home man of the present day; and yet, I venture to say, I know as much about foreign countries as the man who has walked round the world. I don't say I know as much of what they are like as he does; but I know a good deal more of what they ought to be like—and this, after all, is the great idea of travel.

Take Paris, for instance. I have never been to Paris, yet I venture to say I am a much better judge of its habits and sights than most people. I know what Paris ought to be like; others merely know what it is like. From my point of view, Paris is the sublimest of dreams. It is one gorgeous succession of fine streets, beautiful churches and galleries, avenues planted with exquisite trees; gaiety is everywhere, and the town is one blaze of glory, from one end to the other.

Yet, what should I think if I went there? This I know only too well. I should arrive there after a long and wearisome railway journey, and my first impressions of the gay city whould be: "Where is my umbrella?" "I wonder if my box is all right." "I really believe after all I left my toothbrush behind, and I don't think they sell them in Paris." "I'm sure it's going to rain." "How this wretched cab jolts. I wonder what the cabman will try and charge me for this journey." "Oh, dear! How many centimes make a franc, and what is a louis, a napoleon, or a kilometre?" And finally, "What a wretched bore travelling is! I wish I were at home again."

I should then set to work sampling those sights, which before had been so beautifully grouped in my mind's eye. First take the boulevards. Not knowing what they really are like, I picture them as beautiful streets, lined by gay *cafés*, and brilliant men and women. They are a picture in my mind.

But go there, and I know perfectly well I shall find English and American tourists, cheats, touts, and sharks; I shall be charged twice what I expect for my food and drink; I shall not be able to buy my favourite tobacco or cigarettes, and every time I want anything I shall have to bother myself as to what it is in a foreign language.

Then the sights of Paris. I know perfectly well what the Madeleine is like, and the Notre Dame, the Louvre, and the Place de la Concord. The Eiffel Tower I know upside down and inside out. It would not in the least improve my opinion of these places if I were to see them.

The Madeleine will probably be not anything like so fine as I think it is; and Notre Dame will be such a long way off that the trip to it will bore me. As to the Eiffel Tower; what shall I know of it that I do not at present know?

Then take Switzerland. I know all about Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. I know they are big mountains, with snow on the top, and when you get up them you breathe exquisite mountain air, and hear natives canoodling—or is it yodeling?—anyhow it is a kind of singing noise. I love Switzerland. But I would not go there on any account. I am convinced that I should hate the place if I went there.

Nothing would induce me to exert myself to go up any mountain; and if I did I should probably break my neck to such an extent as to mar any pleasurable impressions. Then I should be compelled to go with some touring party; and I hate touring parties. I would much rather do my Switzerland from London, where, in a nauseating climate and nasty, dust-laden air, the very word is exquisite to me.

Then Egypt. How I love it! How beautiful are those Pyramids, and those temples, and that Sphinx! How blue is the Mediterranean, and how graceful are the camels with their numerous humps! How picturesque are the Dervishes, and how nicely they dance!

But I should not dream of going to Egypt. I am told the Pyramids have lifts, taking you up them for so much a hundred feet, and that you get to them by electric tram. The temples are quite possibly decorated with advertisements of pills, and the Sphinx is, I can quite believe, reached by a switchback railway, threepence the ride.

This is to my mind just what I should really see if I went to Egypt. Therefore I intend to do my Egypt from London.

Monte Carlo is at present an Elysium to my mind. Go there, and I shall find it a glorified Margate.

No, my good friend, I shall never travel. It is ruinous to one's real knowledge of the world. Instead of going to Switzerland, I take a run down to Box Hill, and think of Mont Blanc.

Instead of doing the Paris *cafés*, I like to go to London ones and dream about them.

As for Egypt, what is more Egyptian than the beach of a quiet English sea-side place? You get the same sand, but no horrible heat; the same sea, but a nice breeze on it; and anyone who has learned Euclid can imagine what a Pyramid is like, without wanting to see it.

So this year I propose, as heretofore, to do Paris and the Riviera, Switzerland, Italy, and Egypt from my back garden; and I will lay a small wager I shall enjoy my visit to those places a great deal more than your travelling tourists will. I have spoken.

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

Picked Pars.

A few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Arm-chair as Bank.

James Loughran, of Garvale, co. Tyrone, found an old purse containing ninety sovereigns in the seat of an old chair which he was mending.

Handy for Dinner.

The overflow of the Morava has caused serious devastation in the Servian provinces. Many villages are flooded, and a woman recently found a 50lb. salmon floundering in her kitchen.

The Time from Nuts.

There are whole communities which dispense entirely with clocks and watches, and yet are able to tell the time of day. In the South Pacific there are islanders who take the kernels from the nuts of the candle-tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The top kernel is then lighted. The kernels being all the same size, each one burns a certain number of minutes, and then sets fire to the one next below.

Something like a Buzzer.

East St. Louis possesses the largest steam whistle in the world. The siren comprises three whistles, the largest being nearly 6ft. in height. It has been set up at the electrical generating station of the railway system, and is connected to an electric clock, which is guaranteed not to vary five seconds during the year. The whistles are blown four times during the day, and the residents throughout a radius of ten miles can hear the blast distinctly. A fog-horn that can be heard at a distance of ten miles is to be installed at the Needles, Isle of Wight.

Sparks Set a Coat on Fire.

Sparks from a traction engine set fire to a chauffeur's coat on the Brighton road, near Merstham, one day recently.

Rain to Order.

One of the hotels in the Place Vendôme, Paris, has installed an arrangement of pipes fixed high in the air over the courtyard by which a shower of rain is obtained whenever required. The guests may sit under an immense umbrella, 25ft. in diameter, enjoying the cool rainfall on a hot summer day.

A Canon's Bright Idea.

A remarkable religious departure which is attended with great success is being made by Canon Allen Edwards, Vicar of All Saints', South Lambeth. He holds early services for workmen on their way to work every Thursday at 5.30 a.m. The pews are filled with nosegays of country flowers, which the men take away. Thus good is done in two ways.

Ferrets and Ducks.

A fortnight ago a fowl-dealer of Diss threw two cracked ducks' eggs to his ferret, which has four young ones. He was very much surprised two days later at seeing two ducklings waddling about the cage and seeming quite at home with the ferrets. The old ferret had completed the hatching, and is mothering the ducks. This is the most extraordinary case in Nature, as the ferret is the most deadly enemy to fowls. It is a very amusing sight to see the mother trying to keep her foster-children in the nest with her own young.

The Longest Pier.

Minster-on-Sea, in the Isle of Sheppey, will have the distinction of possessing the longest pier in England. It will be 7,000ft. in length.

Londoners' Mountain Record.

Two London ladies—Miss Louisa Murray and Miss Rhoda Hindley—have made a notable contribution to mountaineering records They went over the whole range of the French and Swiss Alps, from Grenoble to Zermatt, climbed twenty peaks, and for several weeks together lived at altitudes over 8,000 ft. They were accompanied by a guide, and took with them their own clothes and provisions.

He Cures Stoutness.

It is interesting to note that Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has been highly successful in his treatment of patients suffering from a superabundance of fat. He is considered the one man to consult in such cases.

Royal Salt-cellars—A Curious Error.

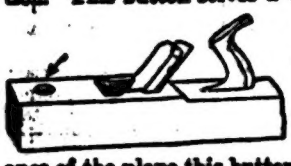
It has been discovered that the royal salt-cellars which are at the Tower and have been used at coronation banquets from the time of Charles II., have all along been used in an inverted position. The authorities were deceived, it is said, because each of the salt-cellars had what seemed to be feet of the kind seen at the present day, and the officials turned them upside down, inserting a small silver bowl in each of the hollow ends. But what were taken to be feet were nothing more than ears attached to the upper rim. The King has given orders to have the mistake corrected.

Picture Pars.

A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph used here. See footline.

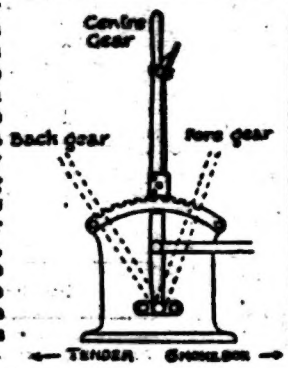
A USEFUL BUTTON.

On many carpenters' planes may be noticed a small button similar to that shown by an arrow in the illustration. This button serves a double purpose. When the plane gets blunt and requires reharpening a sharp tap with the hammer is necessary to loosen the wedge that holds the blade. As the constant knocking would spoil the appearance of the plane this button is inserted for the purpose of taking the force of the blows. In addition to this it marks the spot where the tap may have the greatest effect in loosening the wedge.



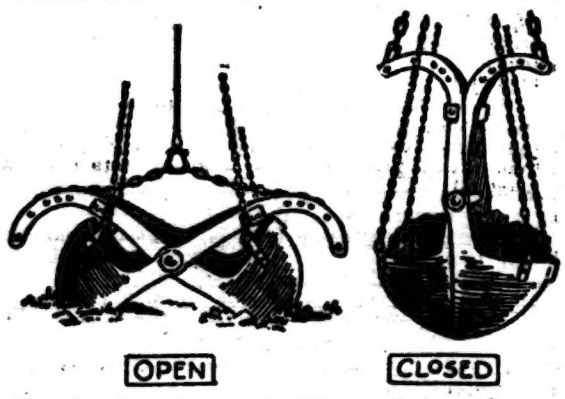
CENTRE-GEAR.

It will be observed that locomotives when standing at railway stations invariably have their reversing levers in "centre-gear." This is a precaution against the engine moving, as when centre-geared the slide valves are placed in such a position that they effectually prevent any steam entering the cylinders. With the reversing lever in either "fore" or "back" gear, there is a danger of waste steam gathering in the cylinders and moving the engine, perhaps with serious results.



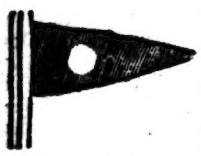
A POWERFUL DREDGER.

A USEFUL contrivance for removing the mud and soil from a harbour when it is to be deepened is the clam-shell dredger, two illustrations of which appear below. The design is the result of many experiments based upon long and profound study. It will be noticed that the dredger is controlled by two separate sets of chains. When it is being lowered into the mud, the chains attached to the iron shells are in use, the others being allowed to hang loose. In this way it descends open, as in the first picture. When the dredger has fallen on the bed of mud, the other chains are made to do their work. The two halves of the implement are drawn together by the very fact of the chains being drawn upward, and when the dredger is shut it incloses a large quantity—often 8 cubic yards—of the material to be removed.



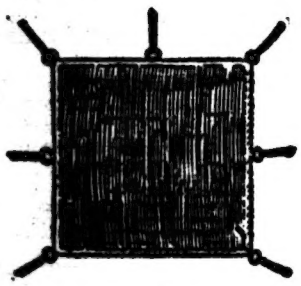
THE "ASHBOAT" SIGNAL.

ALL men-of-war when they want the "ashboat" fly this blue flag. Ships in harbour are not allowed to throw their ashes overboard under any circumstances, and so, when they have accumulated a few sacks full of ashes, they hoist this blue flag. The sacks are put on the upper deck ready to be placed on the "ashboat." A civilian firm remove the ashes, and use them for making cinder paths. This is a very cheap way for them, as they get the ashes by merely obeying the signal and taking them away.



THE COLLISION MAT.

It is not generally known that warships carry a "collision mat." This varies in size from ten to fifteen feet square. It is made of sail-cloth into which has been interwoven a number of "thrums" or pieces of tarry hemp, closely knit together. In case of the vessel being damaged by collision or from other causes, the mat is lowered and held over the breach by the ropes attached to it. The pressure of water forces the mat closely over the gap, and thus temporarily stops the leak till it can be closed up from within.



What Famous People are Saying.

Bright Paragraphs by Bright People.

"John Strange Winter" on Clerical Garb.

I have a kindly feeling for the parson who goes abroad in a suit of tweeds, and forgets that he was ever inside a church.

Mr. Andrew Lang on the Man of Letters.

In almost any age, the man of letters has, in fact, no position; his position is made in each case, by his nature and his opportunities.

H.M. the King on the English Climate.

Taken as a whole, the English climate is the best in the world. That it is certainly healthful, the general physique of our English people shows.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan on Children as Literary Inspirators.

If one could take percentages in inspirations, I think we should find that half the really fine literature of the world was traceable to children.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie on Canadian Loyalty.

The visitor to Canada enjoying the hospitality who abused it by urging, palpably or covertly, preference for America as against the Motherland (if there be such a man) would justly be hooted down, and probably "hustled out." Canada is to-day intensely loyal to Britain. If any change be made in existing relations, it will be that of the fond daughter leaving the mother's house with her consent to create a home for herself, followed by a mother's love fully reciprocated. Britain has nothing to fear from American rivalry politically.

Mr. Pett Ridge on the Art of Whistling.

The art of whistling stands in imminent risk of being counted amongst the lost; it is already to be reckoned amongst the neglected. Only the birds will be faithful.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on Civic Duties.

Now, after thirty years of considerable and wide experience, after full knowledge of the opportunities which a position in the House of Commons may give to a man, I still feel that there is no more honourable position, and there are few in which any man can be more useful to his time and generation, than in the performance of civic duties.

Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck on Animals and Self-Defence.

The kick of the horse, the butt of the bull, the bite of the dog, are mechanically and anatomically perfect. It would be impossible to improve, by the most learned lessons, their instinctive manner of using their natural weapons.

Lady Violet Greville on Modern Life.

The sober, stay-at-home life of the English people so much admired by foreigners is gradually giving way to an existence of constant useless change; dulness and ennui are experienced if a week or two run their monotonous course. Parties, theatres, jaunts must succeed each other, and the love of studious leisure or quiet home occupation is gradually disappearing.

Mr. G. R. Sims on Food Protection.

The German system of Food Protection is as rigorous as ours is loose. In Germany the customer is not even allowed to handle food. What you touch you buy and pay for.

Mr. H. G. Wells on American Cock-sureness.

When one talks to an American of his national purpose he seems a little at a loss; if one speaks of his national destiny, he responds with alacrity. So far, I must insist, I haven't found anything like an idea. There is often no more than a volley of rhetorical blank cartridge, so empty is it of all but sound.

Lady St. Helier on the Cost of Living.

There is no country in the world where the standard of living in every class is higher than in England, and none where there is greater expenditure, if we except America. The cost of living increases every year, and there is no indication of any diminution of the wants and necessities which pervade the whole community.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton on Unpleasant People.

All through my boyhood (which I need hardly say was studious and industrious in an almost feverish degree) I used to wonder why people hit or stoned people with an opposite philosophy. A little experience in the world, however, has taught me that the explanation is simple: the reason is that people with an opposite philosophy are extremely unpleasant.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A NEW SERIES.

How to Find Pheasants' Nests.

By "GAMEKEEPER."

[The writer of this article, as we explained last week, is probably the only gamekeeper who has brought a thoroughly good education to bear on his fascinating work. He was educated at Marlborough College and Oxford University. He remained a head-keeper for ten years, acquiring in this time such a knowledge of English woodland ways as probably no other living man possesses.]

THE finding of the first egg laid by a wild pheasant rejoices the keeper's heart more than anything else in the whole world.

In April the laying season proper begins. During the first half of the month it is chiefly the year-old hens who lay; and they do not, as a rule, lay more than ten to a dozen eggs before they begin to sit. Perhaps this is a wise provision of Nature, for a larger clutch of eggs could not be kept at the right temperature at so early a date.

When the keeper finds "lords and ladies" pecked to pieces, he knows that a pheasant is sitting not far off; the hen eats this plant to maintain her temperature.

Here is a tale of two keepers and a sitting pheasant. Keeper A went to see Keeper B, and it being the season for pheasants' eggs, B thought well to walk part of the way back with A—just to see him safely off his premises. As they parted at their common boundary, a pheasant sprang from a fine nest of eggs. The nest was exactly on the boundary line, and each man went home thinking how he could best annex those eggs, and yet appear innocent.

WHERE TO SEARCH.

A returned presently, and substituted addled eggs for the good ones. Later came B, and took the addled eggs, leaving in their place the proper number of shells of eggs that had hatched. When next these two keepers met the congratulations on the safe hatching of that nest were mutual, if not sincere.

Towards the end of April pheasant nests become plentiful, and a few partridge nests may be found, generally of the French or red-legged variety. May yields more eggs than any month; but if the first clutches have been taken or destroyed, June runs May very close as an egg month.

Though occasionally a pheasant nest may be found in a freakish spot, even in a tree, to search some situations is mere waste of time. For instance, the north side of a dense hedge and the thick inner parts of a wood are shunned invariably by nest-hunting pheasants. When the whole of a wood is very thick, the hens nest at the sides of the rides, or steal away to outside fences.

The hen pheasant thinks of that period, about twenty-four days, during which she must sit on her eggs day and night. This is a dull job at the best of times, and so she chooses a spot from which she can watch the doings of the world—including the approach of intruders—and facing the morning sun. After a long, chilly night she much appreciates a sun-bath.

IDEAL SPOTS FOR EGGS.

Nineteen nests out of twenty are found on the sunny side of a hedgebank, under thin brambles—especially dewberry, under fallen brushwood, among the lop and top of felled timber, or in some open, sun-bathed spot of a covert's underwood.

Though there is little to screen the nest of eggs, the inexperienced eye cannot easily detect it; for the real wild pheasant—wild for generations—knows how to make the most of her surroundings. Hens that have been shut up all their lives, and are just released, may be excused for depositing their eggs where anyone, not absolutely blind, can see them.

The keeper searching for eggs sees at a glance those ideal spots, which even if they hold not a pheasant nest, were intended for one by Nature. When such spots are nestless, the keeper concludes that no nest is to be found in those regions. The nest of eggs is not seen directly, but is found by following the run-in of the owner.

When not actually looking for nests, I often find one unconsciously. My eye unbidden catches some familiar sign, and wires to my brain. Back I go a few yards, and there, sure enough, is a nest.

WHY THERE IS ONLY ONE EGG.

Once I was nearly outwitted by a hen pheasant. I had looked for her nest two or three times in vain, but had on each occasion not troubled to glance over a bare expanse of dead leaves because it was so unlikely. During my last search heavy rain came on; I took refuge behind a tree, and on turning to go spotted the nest, and luck saved me from defeat.

Many nests are found to contain one egg, and there is no addition after a week. This is because the hen forgets where she has laid her first precious egg; when she has laid two or three times in a nest the way becomes familiar. The colouring of pheasant eggs varies from dark olive to almost white, the cause being the difference in the pigment of the shell-forming material.

Pheasants believe in co-operative nests for laying purposes, and five or six hens will lay in the same nest; but when the time for sitting arrives there are disastrous quarrels, and half a bushel of eggs may be spoilt, unless the keeper finds them in time. I found three nests in one day, the eggs of which totalled over a hundred, and I proved that six hens laid in one of these nests on the same day.

Sometimes partridges and pheasants lay together. I remember a pheasant who sat on ten eggs of her own and fourteen of a partridge. The most extraordinary mixture I ever knew was in a nest by the roadside, near a farm. There were fifty-one eggs of six separate varieties—turkeys', guinea-fowls', ordinary fowls', pheasants', and English and French partridges'.

When parties of gamekeepers are "egging" the custom is "no baccy" till the first nest is found, when the finder has the privilege of standing a fill of the pipe to all present.

STOATS CARRY AWAY THE EGGS.

The contents of the nest disappear sometimes, as if by magic, without the faintest sign of thieves, human or otherwise, to give a clue. By probing with his finger in and around the nest the keeper can often recover the precious eggs undamaged. Moles have been at work underneath, and the eggs have rolled down their underground passages. Yet there is no opening to show this; for the bird, on finding her treasures gone, has smoothed over the loose mould in her vain search.

Stoats have a strange liking for pheasant and partridge eggs, but fortunately the keeper is able to identify their work by their runs about the nest. Stoats carry away the eggs to some near hiding place, such as a heap of faggots; but, if the eggs have not been sat upon, this does not injure their usefulness to the keeper. I have recovered scores of eggs stolen by stoats, and have reared birds from them after all.

The stoats take the eggs chiefly, I think, as a reserve store in case of famine of more natural moisture.

The search for pheasants' eggs is perhaps the most fascinating of the gamekeeper's work; and there are few more pleasant ways of spending a May morning than with a party of keepers, where nests are fairly plentiful.

"I DON'T see that there is any advantage in those clay pipes which you always seem to prefer."

"Oh, but there is. When they drop on the ground, for instance, you haven't to stoop and pick them up."

WILLIE: "Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?"

MA: "No, dear. Why?"

Willie: "Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to the Riviera for his lungs."

DISREGARDINC PAIN.

A FARMER, calling at a dentist's, promptly and cheerfully stated his business as soon as he entered the operating room.

"A tooth to be pulled," he said, "and I'll pay nothing extra for gas. Just haul it out if it does hurt."

The dentist smiled. "You're plucky, sir," he said. "Let me see the tooth please."

"Oh, 'tisn't me that's got the toothache at all," said the farmer; "it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

"WHERE'S the umbrella I lent you yesterday?"

"Jones borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says the owner has been asking for it."

"I READ that a cyclone lifted up a large tree and carried it two miles," remarked Mrs. Shattuck.

"The tree was equipped for travelling, I suppose," replied Shattuck.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean it took its trunk with it."

SOLD.

As a cyclist was riding through a provincial town at a rapid rate he was stopped by a policeman, who asked for his name and address.

The cyclist presented his card and rode on. The vigilant policeman chuckled at the thought of the catch he had made, but his dismay may be imagined when, on looking at the card, he read:

"U. R. Requested
2 Mind Your Own
Business."

MISTAKEN FOR THE M.M.

A *P.W.* Reader Tells of His Awkward Experiences.

WHETHER he is Brown of Brightlingsea, or Smith of Smithfield, a plague, say I, on your Mysterious Millionaire! A bit maledictory, eh? But listen, Mr. Editor, to the awful experiences of one who is neither mysterious nor a millionaire, and has a horror of notoriety (which cannot be said of the foresaid M.M.), and judge of the justification.

On a recent Monday, I crossed from the town of Ardrossan on the West coast of Scotland, *en route* for the Island of Arran.

As Fate (for previous intention I had none) would have it, I landed at the usually innocent little township of Lamlash, which, to my mild surprise, was pulsating with excitement.

Now, I should explain just here, that, like most people, I had heard of the Mysterious Millionaire; but I confess to little interest in his mysterious movements, and I was, consequently, slow to identify him with the desecration of that ultra Scotch calm peculiar to Arran.

As I passed out of the pier gates—a performance which, by the way, costs twopence—I heard a juvenile voice declare in a high crescendo: "That's him! That's him!" "Ay, ay, there he is," came other voices in thrilling sympathy. Everyone seemed to be going my way, though there were several other routes at their disposal.

Just as I turned into the main street of the little town, a little fellow, in a bright-coloured jersey, put a *Pearson's Weekly* so close to my face that I instinctively ducked. "Will you buy it, sir?" he asked eagerly, almost plaintively.

I realised now, with mixed feelings, why my company was so eagerly sought after.

Over the way, in a villa whose appearance suggested opulence, a charming-looking young lady, wreathed in becoming smiles, momentarily hid her beauty, smiles and all (a very unfeminine thing to do), by holding out her *Pearson's Weekly* at full length across the window pane.

A few doors further up the street was a newsagent shop, presided over by a dame of very many summers, and I slipped within, and, with curiosity mastering trepidation, bought a *Pearson's Weekly*, tendering a penny in exchange.

I had literally to fight my way out of the shop, so dense had the crowd become.

In desperation I informed a few of my closest followers that I was no millionaire, mysterious or otherwise, but I might have saved myself the trouble.

One bright lad in a flannel suit several sizes too big for him thereupon showed me a rough portrait, which I had to own was very like me, so far, at least, as one could claim a likeness with a man who modestly hides all but his eyes and a bit of a fairly big nose. "Oh, it's you, sir," said the bold youth; and very like you, too. We know you. How much will——" "Oh, the dickens take you," said I; and I darted into a shed, which in summer-time in Lamlash rises to the dignity of "Restaurant," and ordered a luncheon.

I thought I would tire the patience of this silly crew of disciples, though I ate two luncheons. But, as events transpired, I tired myself first. They showed as little intention of retiring as the Holy Island over the way. "Are the people here all mad?" I asked the fair waitress, hungering for a word of sympathy in my strange trouble. "They've been waiting you all morning," she exclaimed by way of reply. "I could do with a sovereign myself." But by the time she had screwed up her courage to present her *Pearson's Weekly*, I was on my way out.

My movements were instantly telegraphed by spies posted at the different windows, and again I had to fight my way out. I walked along the cobbly seafront as I have never walked before or since.

Half a mile out of Lamlash I again turned on my pursuers, with something of the spirit, I presume, of the stricken roe to the foe. My eye instinctively engaged the leader of the band. "See here, my lad," said I, "you'll miss the real millionaire by following me, see if you don't." I can see the faces of that sturdy dozen yet, as they looked hard at each other, and then relaxed into a unanimous smile of blank, downright, devilish (pardon me) disbelief. "Now, boys," I continued, desperately; "wherever did you see a millionaire carry a bag like that? His would be cow-hide, and silver-plated all over, where it wasn't lacquered, and that sort of thing."

Alas! my best argument was derided—flouted as the others had been. "But you're the *Mysterious* Millionaire!" almost shrieked one of my auditors.

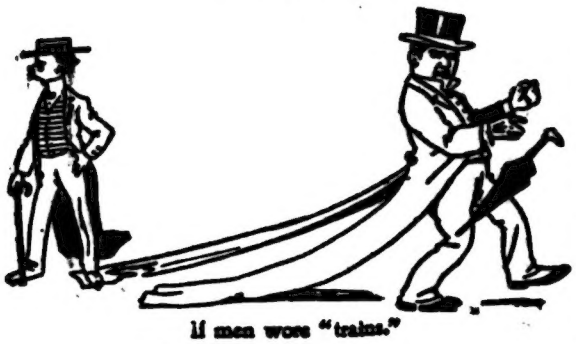
Thoroughly undone, I strode on again, with something like a bad word on my lips, which would also, no doubt, be put down to the eccentricities of mysterious millionaires; and at last, after venting many uncomplimentary remarks about my integrity, and my desire to keep all the money to myself, I was—thank Heaven—left alone, alone with the beetling cliffs, and the wild, foam-crested sea.

Rather than face the ordeal of a return to Lamlash, I trudged on for another three miles, and caught the steamer at a pier lower down, with the relief of a man who has escaped a besieged town.

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

My Notebook.

IF MEN DID SOME OF THE FUNNY THINGS THAT WOMEN DO.



If men wore "trains."

AT THE THEATRE.

Wouldn't this be great?

The good-bye kiss that stops the tram-car.

and finally——

Yes, Women are Really Wonderful. Here's an Instance.

FREDERICK sends a long letter, the gist of which is this. He says: "I have observed this phenomenon many times. If my wife and myself have been out in company, or if we have had company at our place, I have always noticed that a good deal of talking is done. Women always do the bulk of it. And when the wife and I get quietly together again I always notice that she has noticed what I haven't noticed. For instance, she has noticed that the simple little remark I happened to make, 'that two and two made four,' was taken by Mrs. Jones to be a reflection on her husband, who has had difficulties with his accounts lately. I couldn't quite see this myself. I said the idea was too ridiculous for words. However, my wife was sure of it, because she saw Mrs. Jones immediately begin to look uncomfortable and she saw quick glances pass between the Joneses. In fact it was an unnecessary and unkind remark for me to make?" And Frederick goes on to say "How is it women see these things when men don't?"

Women don't, Frederick. They only think they do. Women, Frederick, are just bundles of nerves in company. Very often they are in a nervous, excitable pitiable, condition. Many women when they are in company just chatter—they do not talk understandingly. They think they do, of course. They think they talk intelligently and through their brains, but they don't, really. They only talk through the tip of the tongue. They "talk through their hats." And because she wants to talk, and has something on the tip of the tongue, a woman has only time to think she thinks what the other people are saying.

Nine-tenths of the quarrels between men friends are made by this class of women. A man never looks beyond the substance of a conversation. A dozen men can sit down together and there won't be one of them who will get up and go away and wonder if so and so really meant "that" when he said "this." But the opposite way of thinking comes as natural to a great many women as the curl comes into a pig's tail. And sometimes men get into a state of mind, because of it, that makes them begin to lose their chances of Heaven. They know they never meant anything beyond the plain statement when they said to Jones that "two and two made four." The far-seeing woman cannot be convinced. She knows beyond the shadow of a doubt what Mrs. Jones thought then, and would say afterwards. Women look under the surface of all the talk they hear, and they can make more out of "two and two" than a man can make out of the whole multiplication table.

As a result of what your wife has said you do one of two things. You cut Jones and Jones wonders why, or you go and apologise to him for something you haven't done, and so give the whole show away. A good plan in future, Frederick, when you run up against this kind of trouble is to hunt up Jones, give him a good cigar, press his hand tenderly, let a soft inquiry light come into your eyes, and then wait for Jones to do the talking.

VERY likely you will accept Jones's offer.

The Cruelty of Practical Joking.

IN the eleventh number of *Pearson's Weekly*—October, 1890—I wrote a very short article about the cruelty of practical joking. I said then: "It seems to be an unwritten law that if one is a successful comedian he must also be a clown in private life. Turn where you will in dramatic history it is all the same. Joe Haines, Munden, Suett, Grimaldi, Mathews, Toole, and Sothern—all have sinned in this respect. Page after page of their biographies recount the jokes they played. One would not mind so much if these were harmless. But unfortunately they are not. They are generally at somebody else's expense.

"An instance of the cruelty of practical joking was once displayed by Mathews. He entered an ironmonger's shop, and asked the young man behind the counter for 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs.' Naturally the shopman said he had not got it. Then Mathews asked with a serious face for Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' Bunyan's 'Holy War,' etc., until at last the shopman went to the proprietor, and said he thought a madman was in the shop. The proprietor came out, and upon asking Mathews what he wanted, the latter said, 'A pennyworth of tin tacks.' The anecdote ends, 'So the actor walked out, leaving the man to settle with his master as best he could.' Most likely the young man got a severe lecture, if not his discharge. Now, where, I ask, is the humour of this? No doubt it was very funny to Mathews himself, and gave him something to tell his cronies at his club, ever ready for hero worship."

Whilst I was writing this in 1890 I got rather red hot on the subject, and as a second contribution I wrote a very straightforward and plainly-spoken article about some of the brutal jokes of the late Mr. J. L. Toole. At least, I thought then that they were Toole's brutal jokes.

I told this story of him: He was travelling from London to Manchester. The train, of course, stopped at Crewe. It made a good stop—of perhaps five or six minutes. Opposite Mr. Toole's first-class carriage a workman was at work. He was a painter, and was putting a coat of grey paint on some woodwork. Mr. Toole beckoned to him. Mr. Toole said, "Who told you to put grey paint on that wood?" "Mr. So-and-So, the superintendent, etc., of the this, that, and the other department," said the workman in a halting way. "Oh, rubbish," said Mr. Toole, "stop it at once. Paint it red and green stripes alternately. Go right away now and get cans of those paints, and send Mr. So-and-So to me at once."

Of course, by the time Mr. So-and-So was found Mr. Toole would be many miles on his way to Manchester, the superintendent would be a much-annoyed man, and the painter might have been discharged because he was a large-eyed fool. But the poor inoffensive painter might have been an honest workman. He might have had a wife and family dependent upon him. And so when I repeated this story, perhaps as badly then as I have repeated it now—I can't say—the only feeling in my mind was sympathy for the workman and bitterness against Mr. Toole. I wrote bitterly.

But I sent this article to Mr. Toole and said I was going to print it. He was playing then in J. M. Barrie's first comedy, *Walker, London*, and he asked me to come and see him. I went. That was the first time in my life I ever went behind the scenes of a London theatre. I met a little boy named Seymour Hicks—a little monkey of a boy, all nerves and jumps. I met a sweet little woman named Mary Ansell, who married the "fairy man," author of the play.

And Mr. Toole said presently, "Don't print that article about me. I'm really not like that. In fact, I didn't do that particularly cruel thing. It isn't my way. You see it's just like this. Two or three journalists make quite a living out of me. In their contributions to their papers they have to tell funny stories. All the funny stories they invent they put on to me. I can't complain. I can't, can I? You see they think they are doing the best they can for me."

I did not print the article.

Ten years later I was down at Brighton, and Mr. Toole remembered. I can see a bath-chair on the "front," and in the bath-chair the wreck of a man, flabby and limp. And through the blue spectacles just a shade of understanding and kindliness in the dull moist eyes. And the hand that came slowly and wearily over the side of the bath-chair I grasped and held all along the front. There was a grip in it that seemed to say, "I am really very kindly."

And he was.

PETER KEARY (*Mr. Notebook*).

THE LIMERICK COMPETITION.

HERE are a few of the Limericks sent in for competition. Another column will appear next week, and I shall then announce the winners.

A fishy old fisher named Fisher,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
But a cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in.
Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

There was a young maiden so fair,
Who lived in the County Kildare;
She looked dainty and neat,
As she tripped down the street,
With the glint of the sun on her hair.

There was an old man of Bridgwater,
Who possessed such a beautiful daughter,
That the young men walked miles
Just to sun in her smiles,
For from beggar to prince they all sought her.

There was a young man of Devizes,
Who boasted he'd taken large prizes.
So he had, without doubt,
Whilst the owners were out;
And his forthcoming prize is—Assizes.

If you have a few coppers to spare,
Help to give the poor kiddies fresh air;
Time is short—don't delay,
Send to PEARSON'S to-day,
Just the cost of your week's tramway fare.

There was a young lady named Dolly,
Who exclaimed: "I do so love the holly!
But if you must know,
I prefer mistletoe;
For to kiss underneath it is jolly."

A young married friend, Mrs. Mack,
Lately said to her hubby: "Dear Jack,
I've brought you a dress,
Some lovely tinned meat."
(They say she looks charming in black.)

There was a young fellow name Bell,
Who was such a lazy young swell.
Said he: "What; work for bread!
No; I'll eat cake instead."
So he entered the Poplar Hotel.

A poor servant maiden in Crewe,
Has rarely got nothing to do;
But I'm happy to say,
On each publishing day,
She reads through her P. double U.

There was a young fellow of Lynn,
Who grew most distressingly thin;
One day he essayed
To drink lemonade,
But he slipped through the straw and fell in.

There was a young man of Duncon,
Went up in a captive balloon;
But the ropes broke away,
And the servant gay
Came down on the top of the moon.

There was an old woman named Snow,
And out in a storm she would go;
The lady was stout,
The wind blew her about;
And where she is now I don't know.

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The Police Know all About Them.

"EVERY now and again," remarked an ex-detective-inspector of Scotland Yard to *P.W.* recently, "the newspapers publish lists of what they term 'Unsolved Murder Mysteries.' By this they mean, presumably, murders that have never been brought home to their perpetrators; and in so far as this definition holds good the implied insinuation against the police is justifiable.

"But those who can probe deeper into the subject, because they are behind the scenes, know that many of these so-called mysteries are not at all mysteries—so far as Scotland Yard is concerned.

"In other words, the police authorities know all about them; even, in many instances, know the criminal, and where he is. But, for one reason or another, it is either impossible or inexpedient to effect an arrest.

"Yes—inexpedient! such a word sounds out of place, I know, in connection with a murder case. Yet there are murders, I assure you, which are purposely hushed up, and that by the police themselves. Of course, these cases are exceptional cases. But they exist.

BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

"One such came prominently before the public only quite recently. A young man, an artist, was found murdered in his studio; and not only murdered, but mutilated, and that in a most shocking fashion.

"At first the police strained every nerve to effect the arrest of the murderer. Then their efforts relaxed. Now they have ceased altogether. It is not that his identity is unsuspected. On the contrary, I may say that it is not only suspected, it is known.

"It is that the highest judicial authorities in the Kingdom have privately declared that his arrest would be inexpedient, in the interests of true justice. The precise reason for this I cannot here declare.

"There are other crimes, again, where the gap in the chain of evidence renders a conviction out of the question, although the guilt of the suspected person is known to the police beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"Many reasons may account for this. Hearsay evidence, for instance, is not legal evidence; and yet hearsay evidence—carefully sifted and examined, of course—may suffice to make plain to the prosecution facts fatal to the case of the accused, could they be placed before the jury.

SUICIDE ROBS "THE YARD."

"This is the law of England—and on the whole it is a just law. Better ten guilty persons go free, than that a single innocent one be punished. Only, it is rather hard lines that the police should be blamed because of the escapes of those ten guilty ones.

"Then, too, there is the artfully-prepared alibi, which accounts for yet another proportion of these so-called 'police failures.' One such case I recall which excited a tremendous sensation in the seventies.

"A girl picked up in a London music-hall by a man, was found murdered in the morning. Her companion was tracked down, but brought evidence to prove that he was elsewhere on that particular evening, and so the case against him broke down. Yet, on his death-bed he confessed.

"There are two other cases, recent and sensational, which are on all-fours with the above; and the principal actors in both cases are swaggering about London to-day, free as air; yet the police know them to be murderers.

"Suicide, again, robs the Yard of many a potential triumph. And, by what I have always regarded as an unfair rule, the police are not permitted in such cases to give evidence at the inquest inculpating the deceased. Here is one instance out of many.

POISONED WITH SPIRITS OF SALTS.

"On June 8th, 1902, a night-watchman found a scorched and partially dismembered female corpse outside some gas-works in South London. On June 10th the Scotland Yard detectives had traced the murderer to a house not far distant. He was closely watched, in order that he might not escape, and meanwhile certain missing links in the evidential chain were picked up.

"On the very day that a warrant for his arrest was to have been applied for, he poisoned himself with spirits of salts, thereby saving the public from certain gruesome revelations that would have recalled to its mind the 'Jack the Ripper' horrors of long ago.

"And, speaking of this latter notorious criminal, most people imagine that the identity of the miscreant is still shrouded in mystery. This, however, is not so.

"It is perfectly well-known to the higher authorities—those in the inner ring—of Scotland Yard; and I may say at once that it does not at all fit in with any one of the many fanciful stories which have from time to time been published.

"The real 'Jack the Ripper' is not confined in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, nor was he at any time an inmate of that institution. He was a doctor, of good antecedents, who in the prime of life suddenly developed a peculiar and loathsome type of homicidal mania. His friends knew this—when it was too late, and so did the police.

"Immediately after his shocking murder and mutilation of Mary Jane Kelly in Dorset Street, Spitalfields, on November 9th, 1888, he committed suicide by leaping into the Thames from London Bridge, exactly on the stroke of midnight.

"His body was recovered seven weeks later, and the police, although they knew, offered no evidence at the inquest, in accordance with the unwritten law previously mentioned.

"And as it is with the so-called murder mysteries referred to above, so it is with many others. The police know perfectly well, for instance, who was responsible for the death—it was not, strictly speaking, a murder—of Mary Money, whose body, you will remember, was found in Merstham Tunnel on September 24th, 1905.

"They know, at all events they did know at the time, who killed Mrs. Samuels, of Kentish Town, on March 11th, 1887; likewise the identity of the assassin of Lieutenant Roper, shot through the heart at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, on February 11th, 1881. Only, for one reason or another, justice had to be content to forego punishing them."

A DEAD LEAF.

It was placed that day in the volume
  You were reading when you went,
But you never knew that I watched you,
  Nor dreamt what your going meant.
It is long years ago, my darling,
  Years of shadow and years of sun,
And the leaves of our lives are fading,
  And the story will soon be done.
With never a word to say, love,
  Not a word, you came back to me;
And I saw that our dream was over,
  And I knew that it could not be!

But last night, when I found that volume,
  And there fell from it this dead leaf,
I loved with the old fond love, dear,
  I wept with the old wild grief.
I fancied that you were near me,
  I thought you could understand
As I laid to my lips the dead leaf
  That was once in your dear hand.
Though I knew not where you wandered,
  By sea or by far-off shore,
But I felt that you loved me, darling,
  That hour, with the love of yore!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

LITTLE WILLIE: "I wish I was you, Mr. Selfmade."

Mr. Selfmade (who has come to dinner): "And why, Willie?"

Willie: "'Cause you don't get your ears pulled for eating with your knife."

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

FULLCASH (waking with a start in the middle of the night, and hearing sounds in the bedroom): "Who's there? Speak! Who's there?"

Hoarse whisper from the darkness: "For goodness' sake, hush. There's a burglar just gone downstairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet, and not strike a light, I'll nab him in two twos."

Fullcash obeys, and the whisperer, whose name is Sikes, ambles gently downstairs and out of the back door with his booty.

PASSER-BY: "I thought you were blind?"

Mendicant: "Well, mister, times is so hard, and competition is so great, that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open, if he wants to do any business at all."

IN THE SAME BOAT.

DURING some naval manœuvres a short-sighted old gentleman stood on the shore looking at the different warships. Beside him, gazing abstractedly at the fleet, was a rustic, of whom the old gentleman inquired, pointing to one of the vessels:

"Would you kindly inform me the name inscribed on that boat?"

"Well, sorr," replied the countryman, "to tell you the truth, Oi'm in the same boat, for it was mighty little schullin' Oi had whin Oi was a bhoy meself, sorr."

WARRINGTON: "I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit."

Pendennis: "Why?"

Warrington: "Because I never have my watch and my dress suit, at the same time."

WHAT HAPPENS TO DISBANDED BATTALIONS.

Their Officers and Men in Most Cases are Absorbed by Other Battalions.

Short-time Men Go on the Reserve.

WHEN the Government decides to lower the expenses of the army by reducing certain sections of the artillery and infantry, as it has recently done in the matter of the 3rd Scots Guards, the 3rd Coldstream Guards, and other battalions of the line, it is needless to say that such a project wins the entire disapproval of "Tommy Atkins." To "sack" a few battalions may really be a very wise step on the part of the authorities; but you will never get "Tommy" to regard it so.

And surely the last muster of a battalion about to be disbanded is one of the saddest spectacles to be witnessed in the army. For, although the battalion may have won renown for itself, and have received the highest praise from the King and its officers, yet there seems to be a stigma attaching to it, as of an employé being dismissed because his services can be dispensed with.

At the end of a war it is not unusual for those battalions, which have been specially raised to take part in it, to be entirely disbanded. The men who signed on knew that such would be the case immediately the war was over. They are, however, invariably offered the opportunity of being transferred, with their years' service, pay, and promotion they may have obtained, to some other battalion, more or less of a character with that with which they have recently served.

But to wholly disband a crack battalion is without a parallel instance in the modern annals of the British Army. What will happen in the case of the 3rd Scots Guards, therefore, will be without precedent. The reason why this and other battalions have been selected is not because of their inefficiency, but solely because they are one of the youngest connected with the army. It is only a little over five years ago since King Edward presented the 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards with the colours that will shortly be given up to him, to await the time when the battalion will be recommissioned, if ever that should happen.

In the case of the 3rd Scots Guards, the officers and men will be drafted, as occasion serves, into the first and second battalions of the same regiment. Men who have less than a year of their time to serve with the colours, will most likely be allowed to go on the reserve straight away, a privilege of leaving the army that will also be granted to the older soldiers entitled to pensions. But with these exceptions, the remainder of the officers and men will be transferred to the Scots Guards, or into other regiments they may choose to enter.

With regard to men going on the reserve, however, there is one drawback. They must provide for the authorities a guarantee that they are entering civil employment on leaving the colours, otherwise they will be compelled to serve the full period—namely, three years—for which they have signed on. For the present, too, extensions of service and re-engagements are also permitted, while recruiting, even for the battalions about to be disbanded, is still being continued.

The same course will be pursued with regard to the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards. All its officers and men will in time be absorbed by 1st and 2nd battalions; but it is expected that only a small proportion of the eight battalions of the line—the 3rd and 4th Northumberland Fusiliers, the 3rd and 4th Royal Warwickshires, the 3rd and 4th Royal Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 3rd and 4th Manchesters—about to be disbanded, will be absorbed into their companion battalions, for the reason that room will not be available for them all.

The consequence is, that a great many "Tommies," whose time of service is nearing completion, and who object to being exchanged into some other battalion, will be discharged into the reserve, at considerable loss to the army and to the nation.

£20 for Someone, Perhaps You!

Did you save the *Smith's Weekly* cash ticket you found the other week in your copy of P.W.? The Editor of *Smith's Weekly* is offering £20 for one of these tickets; it may be for the one you possess.

Many cash awards and charming gifts are being presented for cash tickets of the Aa series, so that it is quite likely that a gift is awaiting you. Get a copy of this week's *Smith's Weekly* and see.

Smith's Weekly,

ONE PENNY. EVERY TUESDAY.

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 15th) will tell you so.

Secrets of the Handwriting Expert.

Few people have any idea of how busy the handwriting expert is kept. In not one case out of a hundred in which his services are given does the expert appear in court.

Serjeant Ballantine declared that there was no witness that a jury was less inclined to believe, and there is no doubt that very frequently the old experts made terrible mistakes. In a famous case in which Montagu Williams defended a wealthy City magnate charged with having sent libellous post-cards to the prosecutor, two of the best-known experts of the day stated that, in their opinion, the post-cards were undoubtedly written by the defendant.

Montagu Williams was able to produce a quite undreamt-of person who confessed to having himself written the anonymous communications. No wonder that Montagu Williams afterwards expressed the belief that handwriting experts were "all humbugs."

SENT HOME TO TAKE A TONIC.

The general public are still largely inclined to Montagu Williams's opinion. The crime investigator, however, knows that the science of handwriting comparison has made enormous strides of late years, and that the handwriting expert of to-day is an absolutely invaluable helper in unravelling many a mystery.

So in hundreds of cases of which the public never hear the expert is consulted, and supplies clues which solve some of the strangest crime problems of our times. In his work he avails himself of the latest advances in microscopy, photography, and chemical analysis.

The microscope is particularly useful to him in the betrayal of the "forger's tremor," and the artifices which the forger adopts to overcome it. In the recent trial of "Dr." Bridgewater and his associates at the Central Criminal Court a little incident brought the "forger's tremor" into some prominence.

Fisher, the convict who gave evidence against the gang, narrated how Shakell, the penman, one day tried over and over again to produce a good imitation of Mr Fox's signature. All his productions were, however, pronounced no good by the other members of the conspiracy, and Shakell was sent home to take a tonic and have a good night's rest before again attempting the forgery.

AN OMITTED DATE.

The forger is generally—by the fact of his being a copier—a hesitater, and the microscope, aided by photography, reveals his hesitancy, in the most embarrassing manner, to the expert. In the forgery there is a stop, a wavering, just where most often in the genuine writing the writer's pen has been wont to go at its fullest speed.

"To be a good forger requires a highly nervous organisation. This criminal must be something of an artist," declared Allan Pinkerton, the head of the world-renowned American detective agency. And a man of nervous organisation, when committing a crime, has a chance of allowing his nerves to play him odd tricks.

The Bidwells' forgeries were discovered by their omitting to fill in the date of one of the bills they forged. They had been so elated at the beauty of the signature to the nefarious document they had produced that they entirely forgot to insert the date! "They had only eyes," one of them afterwards admitted, "for that magnificent signature."

THE MICROSCOPE IS AN ENEMY OF THE FORGER.

Upon a previous occasion a whole series of forgeries they had embarked on was cut short by the penman being so anxious over his copy of the victim's handwriting that he omitted to note how he spelled a certain word. The forger put an "a" in instead of a "c," and the scheme was betrayed!

The tracer generally betrays himself by the same hesitancy as the drawer does. Piggott traced the Parnell letters by placing the paper over genuine documents pressed against a window-pane, and then going over the letters with a pen.

The microscope shows very plainly the unsteady, limping penmanship which results from this plan. The pen is not held in a natural position, and the ink does not flow as in the case of writing done on a convenient flat surface. To overcome these obvious defects a man named Drucksberg, who was caught in the States a few months since, was found to have invented a forger's tracing desk. It had a strong electric light beneath a sloping glass front, on which the documents were laid. It was ingenious, but still it did not answer. He will do no more forging for many years.

The microscope is a fearful enemy of the pencil tracer. It will almost certainly betray under the ink the presence of any pencil mark sufficiently strong to enable the forger to work the signature off with the necessary rapidity to simulate the real article.

If one signature when placed over another is exactly identical in every respect as regards formation, one is a forgery of the other. Professor Pierce, a mathematician who had gone into the matter of such coincidence, declared that a man would only write his signature twice absolutely alike in a matter of two trillion eight hundred and sixty-six billion times. The Professor may be right or wrong to a few trillions or billions, but the fact that no two genuine signatures of a man have ever been found to exactly coincide is certain.

In the case of a will with three codicils bearing the signature of a lady named Howland it was discovered that tracings of all the four signatures made on transparent paper when placed one on top of another were exactly similar! They had all been traced from a genuine one. No other evidence of forgery was necessary.

Few people have any notion of the number of anonymous, slanderous, and threatening letters which the daily post distributes. Some of them are sufficiently serious for the recipient to desire to discover from whom they come, and to seek the services of his lawyer and the handwriting expert.

A SMART SCHOOLMASTER.

A short time since the head-master of a large school was considerably annoyed by a series of slanderous post-cards received by him. The offending cards were placed before a well-known expert. The master wished particularly to discover whether they had been sent by one of his pupils. The message on the cards was always the same, and consisted of fifteen words written in pencil.

The expert supplied the master with a little prose composition to be read to the pupils in school for them to write down as a test in spelling, and the results—over 200 in number—were sent to him. In the composition he had inserted words in which all the combination of letters found in the anonymous post-card message were reproduced. He unhesitatingly fixed the authorship of the post-cards on one pupil, who, when taxed, "owned up."

It is a remarkable fact noted by experts consulted on anonymous letters that while these disagreeable correspondents of the male sex most frequently adopt the tone of a person in a much higher position than the sender, women almost invariably try to disguise their identity by using the language of people of lower rank.

Persons who imagine that the use of the typewriter means immunity from danger of discovery are entirely wrong. The handwriting expert is also a typewriting expert.

A PIECE OF BROWN PAPER.

A few weeks since an anonymous typewritten document figured in the Law Courts in a sensational case. Not the slightest doubt remained as to the machine from which it was typed. "Give me fifty copies of a document typed on fifty different machines that have been a month in use, and I will tell you which machine has typed each," declared an expert.

Obliteration is a fearful task to the forger nowadays. The microscope and the camera show the slightest attempt at mechanical erasure. The professional forger who would nowadays rub out pencil marks with indiarubber would be fitted for a lunatic asylum. A long series of experiments with chemicals has also worked wonders in the art of calling back obliterated writing. As a forger lamented at the Central Criminal Court a year back, "One never knows when it is out nowadays."

A week or two back the police, while investigating a crime in the north of London, came on a piece of brown paper in which part of the booty had been wrapped. It seemed to afford no clue to the discovery of the criminals, but in a day or two the paper, after treatment, disclosed a name written on it which had hitherto been invisible. That name will probably lead to justice laying its hand on the offenders.

BLOTS OF RED INK.

Ink is a most dangerous, if necessary, liquid for the forger to dabble with. It is full of pitfalls. A few years ago in a great will case the destination of a huge sum of money depended upon the genuineness of a document written in black ink, with words in red ink written above some of the lines. Was the document as presented to the court and signed by the deceased man what he had really signed?

Experts analysed certain blots of the red ink, and their experiments showed conclusively that the red ink was made from eosine. Eosine, unfortunately for the genuineness of the document, had not been discovered at the date the document bore!

How was a forger to know that nigrosine ink first became common in 1870, largely taking the place of the logwood inks used before? Many did not realise the change till they learnt that they had used the new ink for forgeries dated long before its arrival.

Ink analysis plays terrible tricks with the forger. In 1878 a will of a deceased gentleman was presented for probate purporting to have been made by him three years earlier. Had he really made it? The colour of the writing was a reddish-brown very much like that of iron ink writing a few years old. Now if it was iron ink a little potassium ferro-cyanide carefully applied to it would cause it to turn a beautiful blue. The test was made, and eager eyes awaited the result. No blue came!

The writing was not, therefore, writing in ordinary ink faded with age, and the conclusion which necessarily followed was that it was a writing in some strange colouring fluid, carefully concocted to imitate old ink. The mystery was cleared up by one of the forgers, who was so astounded by the declaration of the experts that he made a clean breast of it. The writing had been done with some Winsor and Newton's brown paint!

Many of the mysteries in which the expert is consulted centre round a word or two in a document. Are they part of the original, or have they been introduced or altered? In many cases where fraud is present it is to be detected from the ink of the suspected word not being of the same chemical composition as that of the rest of the writing.

As to the paper on which a writing may be, the handwriting expert includes it in his study. The forger, even the cleverest, is apt to be peculiarly careless as regards the paper he uses. So long as it appears to be of the right colour, size, and quality he is satisfied. But the student of paper is frequently able to declare almost the year of its manufacture.

A few years ago a forged document was produced in a case at the Law Courts. An expert pointed out that the paper on which it was written was made in Germany, and the watermark was the Imperial German eagle. Now, that bird was unknown in the political and paper world till after the Franco-German war of 1870. But the disputed document was dated several years earlier. It was a fraud.

THE FATAL WATERMARK.

In the famous case of Euphrasie Mercier, who murdered her mistress and buried her in a bed of dahlias in the garden, explaining her absence to inquirers by saying that she had taken refuge in a convent, the discovery of the crime was largely owing to a strange fact noted by an acute investigator on examining a piece of paper. On it was written a letter bearing the signature of Mercier's mistress, and in it the writer explained her absence to Euphrasie, and implored her not to divulge to anyone the secret of her hiding-place.

But the inquirer noted the watermark of the paper. The paper had been manufactured some time after the date of the letter written on it! That discovery meant that the letter was a forgery, and led to Mercier's crime being brought home to her.

In a thousand cases in which his agency is undreamt of the handwriting expert is busy exploring secrets of which the public never hears. In his bosom are buried numberless confidences which, if made known, would cause Society to stand aghast. If he would speak he could reveal the true cause of many mysterious occurrences, the explanation of which the world has sought in vain. A queer tight compression of the lips is a strange physiognomical characteristic of members of his profession. Moltke described such mouths as "the prison gates of secrets."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Customer: "My wife has been pestering the life out of me to get her an easy-chair. She's always nagging about something, and if it isn't a chair, it'll be something else, and it's hardly worth while getting one; but still, I thought I'd drop in, so as to see what you had. She'll be sure to ask."

Furniture Dealer: "Here, sir, is a chair so perfectly easy and comfortable that she'll fall asleep the minute she touches it."

Customer: "By Jove! I'll take it!"

HE WAS REALISTIC.

A newly-enrolled volunteer was rather alarmed during his first experience of a sham fight, especially as he heard the colonel in command declare that everything was to be done "the same as in actual warfare." No sooner was the first blank cartridge fired than the frightened soldier dropped his gun and took to his heels.

"Hey, why are you running away?" shouted his captain as the man dashed by him.

"It's all right, sir; I'm doing the same as I would do in actual warfare!"

HE REALLY ENJOYED IT.

Mrs. Newlywed had her first venture at cooking dinner in her new home, which passed successfully, and they sat in silence at the opposite ends of the table, wondering at the novelty of it all and gazing at each other.

"Honestly, honestly—on your word of honour—did you like it, darling?" she asked finally.

"Never enjoyed anything so much in my life," he said, and swallowed a lump.

"Everything—everything from soup to pudding?"

"Every mouthful, from soup to pudding," he said bravely.

"Oh, I am so relieved, then!" she said, as a huge sigh escaped her. "You see, I forgot to order the syrup for the sauce for the pudding, and I had to have something; so I took your cough syrup, and I was so afraid you'd taste it!"

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prize winner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL. **BEGIN TO-DAY.**

THE WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

By GORDON HOLMES.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DAVID HARCOURT, a young man of twenty-five with a fair public school education, has spent some years on the cattle rearing ranch of a wealthy relative in Wyoming.

He has declined to marry the daughter of his relative, in spite of her enormous dowry, and, feeling a sudden longing to enter the literary profession, he has realised his property and made tracks for London.

After a month in England he decides to take a furnished flat, and to remain till his capital is reduced to £200; deciding to return to his Western life if Dame Fortune neglects to smile upon him in the meantime.

He finds a furnished flat, the right rent of which is five guineas a week; but, in view of the fact that it is reputed to be haunted, and no tenants will remain in it, the agent agrees to let it for six months at half price.

Harcourt inquires into the story of the flat, and finds that a previous tenant, a Miss Gwendoline Barnes, had died from taking a sleeping draught fortified with strychnine. The verdict returned was "Death from Misadventure," which, under the circumstances, was virtually one of suicide.

Harcourt, spending his first night alone in the flat, becomes conscious of a faint odour of violets, and later hears the rustling of a garment. He makes a thorough search, but without finding anyone.

The next day he pursues his inquiries about Miss Barnes, and learns that she has been buried at Kensal Green Cemetery. Having nothing particular to do with his time, he decides to visit her tomb.

Here he also seems to smell the odour of violets.

A lady is weeping over the grave. She is a beautiful girl, and he recognises her, from her likeness to a picture that still hangs in the flat, as a relative—probably a sister—of Miss Barnes.

Their eyes meet. The girl is agitated, and they speak to each other.

Little by little he gains her confidence, and she tells him that she is the sister of the dead woman. She gives her name as Violet Mordaunt.

The grave and the flat exercise a fascination for her, she says, although much to her mother's disapproval.

She asks David if he has found any papers belonging to her sister in the flat. He has found none, and tells her so.

The couple are interrupted by a Mr. van Hupfeldt, a tall, handsome man, who declares he has been sent for her by her mother, and his carriage is waiting.

"But I ought not to be tracked," says Violet, with the quick petulance which already was music to David.

"There is the question of tea—and dinner," remarks Mr. van Hupfeldt. "If a lady will not eat, she must expect to be plagued."

"I prefer to walk home."

"That couldn't be done—it is too far," says van Hupfeldt. "Oh, come, come!" he goes on pleadingly, with a fond gaze into her eyes.

A minute afterwards they leave the grave together. Van Hupfeldt, as he passes by, David on the path, frowns momentarily; Violet slightly inclines her head.

He looks after them, and admits to himself that they make a handsome pair—tall, like "children of the gods." But three yards away, after they had passed him, something falls from Violet—a card—whether by accident or design David does not know; but the thought that it may be by design sends a thrill through his frame. He picks it up. It has on it the address of a boarding-house in Porchester Gardens.

He is yet tingling with the hope of meeting her again when a custodian approaches.

"Must shut the gates, sir," he says.

And the clang of iron brings David back to the roadway and reality once more.

CHAPTER FOUR.

"Johann Strauss."

ON the Monday morning David made the acquaintance of the genus "housekeeper," when the woman recommended by Mr. Dibbin arrived to take him in hand. He had thought that she would sleep in the place, and had rather looked forward to the human companionship, for nothing is more cut off from the world of the living than a flat if one is alone in it, especially through the watches of the night. Surely, if there are ghosts in want of undisturbed house room, every bachelor's flat must be haunted.

Mrs. Grover, the housekeeper, however, said that "sleeping in" was not the arrangement suggested to her by Mr. Dibbin, since there were "the children to be looked after." David, for his part, would not let it appear that he cared at all, so Mrs. Grover, a busy little fat woman, set to work making things rattle, on an understanding of "sleeping out" and freedom for church services of Sunday.

This Monday was David's appointed day for beginning work. But he did not prosper very well. Plenty of paper, lots of ink, and a new gold pen make no Shakespeare. And it is always hard to begin, even when the mind does not wander. But Violet Mordaunt had brown eyes, so soft, so grave, as those that beam with pity over the dying. She was more beautiful than her sister, whose face, too, David could see through the back of his head. Also, Mr. van Hupfeldt was undoubtedly a more elegant object for the eye of woman to rest upon than David Harcourt.

David wondered if van Hupfeldt was engaged to Violet. He had certainly spoken to her at the grave with much tender gallantry of manner, as if something was understood between them. And since Violet's mother sent this man to seek her in his carriage, that must mean that they were on familiar terms, unless, indeed, the mother was pressingly anxious about Violet, could not go herself, and had no one else to win the young lady home from her sister's grave. Such questionings were the cause of long pauses between the writing of David's sentences. He was glad when something interrupted—when the bell rang and Mr. Dibbin was ushered in.

"I have looked in for one minute on the subject of that—grate," said the agent. "Do not disturb yourself, I beg. Well, I see that Mrs. Grover is duly in her place, and you as snug here as a bird in its nest."

"So snug," said David, "that I feel stifled. It beats me how people can get so accustomed to this sort of prison as not even to remember any longer that they are in prison. No air—no room to stretch—coal dust in your very soul, and even at night in your bed——"

"Ah! now, don't say it."

"Say what?"

"Were you about to refer to any fresh—experiences?"

"Of the ghost? Not a bit of it!" said David. "I have seen, heard, or smelled nothing more of anything."

"Good, good," went on Mr. Dibbin softly. "Keep on like that, and we shall pull through yet. I find you are well stocked with violets, meantime."

David laughed a little uneasily and said "Yes!"—no more. Whiffs of violets in a lonely flat, for which one can't account, are not altogether pleasant things. David had therefore surrounded himself with violets, in order, when he was greeted with a scent of violets, to be able to say to himself that the scent came from those which he had bought. He had not admitted even to himself what his motive was in buying, nor would he admit it to Mr. Dibbin. There, however, the violets were in several pots, and their fragrance at once drew the notice of a visitor, for the London florist hath an art to heighten dull nature in violets and much else.

"Have a seat, Mr. Dibbin," said David, "and let us talk."

"I am afraid I must be off——" began the other.

"Well, have a B. and S., anyway. I only want to hear from you whatever you can tell me of Mrs. and Miss Violet Mordaunt."

"What! You have discovered their names?" cried Mr. Dibbin with a start.

"I have."

"Mr. Harcourt, you are a remarkable man," said the agent with quiet certainty.

"Oh! not too remarkable. But since I do know something, you might let yourself loose as to the rest, as I am interested. You have seen the mother, I know. Have you seen the daughter, too?"

"Several times. Anyway, three times with her mother at my office——"

"Pretty girl, eh? Or what do you think?"

"Well, I am getting an old man now," said Mr. Dibbin, "but I *have* been young, and I think I can remember how I should have felt at twenty-five in the presence of such a being——"

"Pretty you think her, eh?"

"Rather!"

"Prettier than Gwendoline? Prettier than her sister?"

"Well, I don't know so much about that, neither—different type, graver, softer in the eye and hair, taller, darker, not so young; but that poor dead girl was something to make the mouth water, too, sir—such a cut diamond! to see her in her full war-paint, turned out like a daisy—in short, lovely beings, both of 'em, both of 'em."

"Fairly well fixed, the mother?"

"You mean financially? Oh, I think so. Got a fine place down in Warwick, I know—not far from Kenilworth. Good old family, and that sort of thing."

"But how on earth this man Strauss, more or less an adventurer, I take it, could have got hold of such a girl to the extent of drawing her from her happy home and sending her on the stage . . . He didn't marry her, Dibbin? He didn't marry her?"

"How can I—say?" asked Dibbin, blinking. "We can all make a shrewd guess, but one can't be quite absolutely certain, though the fact of her suicide would seem to be a sort of proof. . . ."

"But what do the mother and Miss Mordaunt think of it? Do they assume that she was married, or do they know enough of the world to guess that she was not? I suppose you don't know."

"They know what the world thinks, I'm afraid," answered Dibbin. "I am sure of that much. Yes; they know, they know. I have been with Mrs. Mordaunt a good many times for one reason or another. I can tell how she feels, and I'm afraid that she not only guesses what the world thinks, but agrees with the world's view. On the other hand, I have reason to think that Miss Mordaunt has an obstinate faith in her sister, and neither believes that she died unmarried nor even that she committed suicide. Well, well, you can't expect much clear reasoning from a poor sister with a head half turned with grief."

Mr. Dibbin tossed off his brandy, while David paced the room, his hands behind him, with a clouded brow.

"But have they no protector, these women?" he asked. "Isn't Miss Mordaunt engaged?"

"I fancy not," said the agent. "In fact, I think I can say undoubtedly not. She was not engaged before the death of her sister, I am certain, and this disaster of her sister appears to have inspired the poor girl with such a detestation of the whole male sex——"

"Do you happen to know who a certain Mr. van Hupfeldt is?" asked David.

"Van Hupfeldt—van Hupfeldt? No! never heard of him. What of him?"

"He seems to be a pretty close friend of the Mordaunts, if I am right."

"He may be a close friend, and yet a new one," said Dibbin, "as sometimes happens. Never heard of him, although I thought that I knew the names of most of Mrs. Mordaunt's connections, either through herself or her solicitors."

"But to go back to this Strauss," said David. "Do you mean to say that neither the mother nor Miss Mordaunt ever once laid eyes on him?"

"Not once that they know of."

"Then how did he get hold of Gwendoline?"

"That's the question. It is suspected that he met her in the hunting field, persuaded her to meet him secretly, and finally won her to fly from home. To me this is quite credible, for I've seen Johann Strauss twice, and each time have been struck with the thought how fascinating this man must be in the eyes of a young woman!"

"What was he like, then, this Mr. Johann Strauss of the flourishy signature?"

"A most handsome young man," said Mr. Dibbin impressively—"hard to describe exactly. Came from the States, I think, or had lived there—had just a touch of the talk perhaps—of Dutch extraction, I take it. Handsome fellow, handsome fellow; the kind of man girls throw themselves over precipices after; teeth flashing between the wings of his black moustache—tall, thin man, always most elegantly dressed—dark skin—sallow . . ."

At that word "sallow" David started; the description of "Johann Strauss" had so strangely reminded him of van Hupfeldt! But the thought that the cause of the one sister's undoing should be friendly with the other sister, paying his court to her over the grave of the ill-fated dead, was too wild to find for itself a place all at once in the mind.

David frowned down the notion of such a horror. He told himself that it was dark when he had seen van Hupfeldt, that there were many tall men with white teeth and black moustaches, and sallow, dark skins. . . . If he had felt some sort of antipathy to van Hupfeldt at first sight, this was no proof of evil in van Hupfeldt's nature, but a proof only, perhaps, of David's capabilities of being jealous of one more favoured than himself by nature as he fancied—and by Violet Mordaunt, which was the notion that rankled.

And yet—he tingled. Dibbin had said that this van Hupfeldt might be "a new friend . . . one who had become a friend since the death of Gwendoline. . . ."

David paced the room with slow steps, and, while Dibbin talked on of one or another of the people who had known Gwendoline Mordaunt in the flesh, vowed to himself that he would take this matter on his shoulders and see it through.

"Speaking of the Miss l'Estrange who was in the flat before me," said he—"how long did she stay in it?"

"Three months nearly," answered Dibbin, "and then all of a sudden she wouldn't stay another day, and I had no means of forcing her to do so, either."

"What! Did the ghost suddenly get worse?"

"I couldn't quite tell you what happened. Miss Ermyn l'Estrange isn't a lady altogether easy to understand when in an excited condition. Suffice it to say she wouldn't stay another hour, and went off with a noise like a catherine-wheel."

"Quite so. But, I say, Dibbin, can you give me the address of the lady?"

"With pleasure," said the agent, on whom brandy and soda acted as a solvent. "I am a man, Mr. Harcourt, with three hundred and odd addresses in my head, I do assure you. But, then, Miss l'Estrange is a bird of passage——"

"All right, just write down the address that you know; and there is one other address that I want, Mr. Dibbin—that of the girl who acted as help to Miss Gwendoline Mordaunt."

Mr. Dibbin had known this address also, and with the promise to see if he could find it among his papers—for it was he who had recommended the girl—went away. He was hardly gone when Harcourt, who did not let the grass grow under his feet, put on hat and coat and started out to call upon Miss Ermyn l'Estrange.

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CHAPTER FIVE.

Von or Van?

THE address of Miss l'Estrange, given to David by Mr. Dibbin, was in King's Road, Chelsea, and thither David set out, thinking in his cab of that word "papers," and of the oddness of Violet's question at the grave: "What have you done with my sister's *papers*?"

Whatever papers might be meant, it was hardly to be supposed that Miss l'Estrange knew aught of them, yet he hoped for information from her, since a tenant next in order is always likely to have gathered many bits of knowledge about the prior tenant.

As for his right to pry and interfere, that, he assured himself, was a settled thing. Going over in his mind Violet's words and manner in the cemetery, he came to the conclusion that she was half inclined to suspect that *he* was her sister's destroyer, who had now taken the flat for some vaguely evil reason, perhaps to seek for, or guard from her, those very "papers" which she so craved for.

But had she never heard, he wondered, that her sister's evil mate was a man with a black moustache and pale, dark skin? Perhaps, if she ever had, she would suspect—someone else than he! That would be strange enough, her suspicion of the innocent, if at the same time the guilty were at her side, unsuspected! But David tried to banish from his mind the notion that Mr. van Hupfeldt might possibly be Johann Strauss.

At Chelsea he was admitted to a flat as cosily dim as his own, but much more frivolously crowded with knick-knacks; nor had he long to wait when Miss l'Estrange, all hair and paint, dashed in. It was near one in the afternoon, but she had an early-morning look of rawness and *déshabillement*, as if she had just risen from bed. Her toilette was incomplete. Her face had the crude look of a water-colour daub by a schoolgirl; her whirl of red hair swept like a turban about her head.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I am sorry——" began David.

"Cut the excuses," said Miss Ermyn l'Estrange. She had a reputation for brusqueness, which passed for wit in her set.

"I am the occupant of the flat in Eddystone Mansions, which you lately left——"

"I hope you like it!"

"I like it fairly well, as a flat."

"What! Not seen anything?"

"No. Anything of what nature?"

"Anything ghostified," she said, sitting with her chin on her palm, her face poked forward close to David's, while the sleeve fell away from her thin forearm. She had decided that he was an interesting young man.

"I have seen no ghost," he said; "I don't believe I ever shall see one."

"There are ghosts," she said, "so it's no good saying there are not, for my old Granny Price has been chased by one, and there's been a ghost in that very flat. My servant Jenny saw it with her own eyes."

"It is always someone else's eyes which see the invisible," said David.

"Jenny's eyes are not someone else's, they are her own. She saw it, I tell you; but perhaps you are one of those people who cower under the sheets all night for fright, and in the daytime swear that there are no ghosts."

"What, you know so much of me already?"

"Oh, I know my man the moment I lay eyes on him, as a rule. You're from Australia—I can tell by your twang—and you have come to England to look for a wife. Can't very well get along without us after all, can you?"

"There is some truth in that. But you didn't see the ghost yourself?"

"I heard it; I *smelled* it!"

"Really? What did it smell of? Brimstone?"

"Violets!"

David started, not wholly because he thought Miss l'Estrange would be flattered by this tribute to her forcible style.

"And I'm not one of your fanciful ones, either," she went on, smirking at the effect she had made.

"How often did this thing happen to you?"

"Twice in three months."

"Daytime? Night-time?"

"Dead of night—the first time about two in the morning, the second time about three."

"To me this is naturally fascinating," said David; "do tell me——"

"The first time I was asleep in that front bedroom, when I suddenly found myself awake—couldn't tell why, for I hadn't long come to bed, and was tired. I found myself listening, heard some creaks about, nothing more than you can generally hear in a house in the dead of night, and I was thinking of going to sleep again when all at once I seemed to scent violets somewhere. I wasn't certain at first, but the notion grew, and if it had been brimstone, as you said, I couldn't have been so overcome as I was—something so solemn and deathly in that fume of violets visiting anybody in the dark in that fashion. As I knew that Gwen Barnes, who poisoned herself in that very room, was fond of violets—for I had seen her both on and off the stage several times—you can guess whether I felt rummy or not. Pop went my little head under the bed-clothes, for I'll stand up to any living girl you care to mention, and send her home all the worse for it, but the dead have an unfair advantage, anyhow. The next minute I heard a bang—it sounded to me like the lid of one of my trunks dropping down—and this was followed by a scream. The scream did for me—I was upset for weeks. It was Jenny who had screamed, but, like a fool, I thought it was the ghost—I don't know what I thought, in fact—I just heard the scream, and lay me down and dee'd. When I came to myself, there was Jenny shivering at my side, with the light turned on, saying that a tall woman had been in the flat——"

"Was Gwendoline Barnes in the flesh a tall girl?" asked David.

"Pretty tall; one would have called her tall."

"And Jenny was certain? She had really seen a woman?"

"Quite certain."

"In the light?"

"No, in the dark."

"Ah, that's not so good. And as to your trunk, had you left it locked?"

"No, I don't think so. It's certain anyway that something or somebody *was* at it that night, for next day I found the things rummaged."

"Sure, now? I don't imagine that you are very tidy."

"The cheek! I tell you the things were rummaged."

"And nothing stolen?"

"Ghosts are not thieves. They only come back to pretend to themselves that they are still living in the old scenes, and that their bit of a fling is not all over for ever. I can well imagine how the poor things feel, can't you? Of course, nothing was stolen, though I did miss something out of my trunk a day or two afterwards——"

"What was that?"

"My agreement with the theatre. Couldn't find it high nor low in the place, though I was pretty sure that I had put it into that very trunk. Three weeks after it had disappeared, lo and behold, my agreement comes to me one morning through the post! No letter with it, not a word of explanation; just the blessed agreement by itself, staring me in the face, like a miracle. Now, I'm rather off miracles—aren't you? So I said to myself——"

"But stay, what was the post-mark on the envelope which brought you back this agreement?" asked David.

"Just London, and a six-barred gate."

"You couldn't perhaps find that envelope now?"

"Now, do I look like anybody who ties up old envelopes in packets? Or do you take me for an old maid? Because if you do, just let me know."

"Certainly not an old one," said David. "But now as to the second visit of the ghost?"

"The second time it was about three in the morning. Jenny did not see her then, but we both woke up at the same moment without any apparent cause—we were sleeping together then, you may bet your bottom dollar—and we both smelled something like violets, and we heard a sound, too, like the top of the piano being shut down.

"'Miss l'Estrange,' Jenny whispered into my ear, 'there's something in the drawing-room.' 'Go, Jenny,' I whispered to her, 'and see what it is.' 'You go, Miss l'Estrange,' Jenny whispered back, 'you being the mistress, and I'll come after.' 'But you are the servant,' I whispered to her, 'you go.' 'No, Miss l'Estrange,' she whispered back, 'you are braver than me; you go, and I'll come after.' 'No; you know that you are much the bravest, Jenny, so don't be such a coward,' I whispered to her, 'and I'll come after.' It was just like a farcical comedy. At this we heard something like a chair falling upon the carpet in the drawing-room, and now we were in such a state of fright that we couldn't move our hands, to say nothing of our feet. Then a long time passed; we didn't hear anything more, so, after about half an hour of it, Jenny and I together made a rush for the switch, and got out into the drawing-room. Then again we scented a faint something like violets; but nobody was there, and we neither saw nor heard anything more."

"So after that second experience, I suppose, you would stay no longer in the flat?" said David.

"I did stay a few days. It wasn't altogether the ghost that drove me away, though that may have had something to do with it, but the cheek and the meanness of the man who put me there."

"Of the——? Ah, I beg pardon," said David, with lowered lids.

"Oh, this isn't a Sunday school. If you hum and haw at me I shall show you the short cut to the front door. It was a fair business arrangement, so don't you think anything else. The man was named Strauss, and whether his motive in putting me there was quite square or not, don't let him suppose that I am going to screen him, for I'm not. I am straight with those that are straight with me, but those that are up to mean tricks, let them beware of the colour of my hair——"

"So you were *put* into the flat?"

"Didn't I go into it rent free? Stop; I will tell you, and you shall judge for yourself whether I have been shabbily used or not. One night last August I was introduced by a friend to a gentleman named Strauss—dark, pale man, pretty fetching, but not my style. I like a man, not a wax figure. However, next day he turned up at my place—I was living then in Great Titchfield Street—and what do you think my man wanted? to put me into the Eddystone Mansions flat for six months at his expense, on the condition that I or Jenny would devote some time every day to searching for papers among the furniture! He said that a chum of his had once occupied the flat, and had left in it one or more documents, carefully hidden somewhere, which were of the utmost importance. I was to search for these, and give them to him. Well, I didn't half like it, for I thought he was cracked. So I asked him why he didn't take the flat, and search for the papers himself at his leisure? Well, he made some answer or other, and at last, as he talked sanely enough, I struck hands over it—rent free, six months, an hour's search each day—and Jenny and I moved in."

"*Did* you search an hour each day?" asked David, with a laugh.

"Hardly likely!" grinned Miss Ermyn l'Estrange. "I can see myself searching a small flat day after day for I didn't know what, like a goose. There was nowhere to search. I did look about a little the first day, but, not finding any 'documents,' I thought to myself 'here endeth.' Of course, I had to tell him that I was busy searching, for that man pestered me so, you wouldn't believe. He never actually came to the flat, for some reason or other, but night after night, when the theatres opened in September, there he was, wanting to know if I had found anything, if I had probed the cushions with hat-pins, if I had looked under the carpets, and the rest of it. At last I began to treat him a bit off-handedly, I admit, and, before the third month was up, he says to me one night, that if I didn't find something at once he would have to cut off the allowance for the rent. I told him that he had put me there for six months, that I had made all arrangements, and that he was an idiot. If he didn't know his mind, I knew mine. Oh, we had a fine set-to, I can tell you. He said that, since I had proved useless to him, I should have to pay my own rent; so, what with ghosts and all, I wouldn't stay in the place another two days, and in going I gave it hot to that Mr. Dibbin, too——"

"What had Dibbin done?" asked David.

"He hadn't done anything; but still, I gave him a piece of my mind, for I was wild."

"Poor Dibbin! he is still shaky from it. He has mentioned to me that you went off with a noise like a catherine-wheel. But you never found any paper at all in the flat, then?"

"No—except one, or, rather, two, and those Strauss never got."

"How was that, then?"

"Because I didn't find them till the day after we had had the row, when my trunks were ready packed to go, and I wasn't going to give them to him then, for his cheek. Besides, they didn't concern him. They were only a marriage certificate and the certificate of a birth, which fell out of a picture."

David sat up, saying: "How do you mean, 'fell out of a picture'?"

"As we were carrying out the trunks, there was a bump, and one of the pictures in the corridor came down. The boards at the back of it must have been loose, for they fell out, and among them was an envelope with the two certificates in it."

"Now, I bless my stars that ever I came to you," said David. "This may be the very thing I want."

"But how many of you, then, are after papers in that flat? First there was Strauss, then that young lady, and now you——"

"Which young lady?" asked David.

"Why, I hadn't been in the flat three days when a young lady—a tall, dark girl—came, and practically—insulted me. She wanted to know what was my motive for coming into the flat, and if I was the agent for anyone, and if I meant to purloin any papers which I might find. Well, I'm not one for taking much sauce from another woman, for I've got red hair, as you can see for yourself; but somehow I couldn't be hard on her. She had had some big trouble, I could tell; a bit touched somewhere, too, I thought—suspicious as a bird, sick at the very name of Strauss! She had dropped to it all right that I was there to serve Strauss's ends, and she went on her bended knees to me, asking me not to do it. I couldn't quite make out what it was all about, or what there was between her and Strauss, for she wouldn't tell me. It was something pretty strong, for when I told Strauss about her visit, I thought the man was going to drop dead. Her name was Violet Mordaunt. I remember it, for Mordaunt was also the family name of the woman in the marriage certificate——"

"But did you not send this marriage certificate to Violet Mordaunt, since you did not give it to Strauss?" asked David.

"I *would* have sent it to her, I'm sure, but I didn't have her address. She did leave me an address that day she came; but, to tell the truth, I didn't take the whole to-do about papers, papers, papers seriously, and heaven knows what became of the address——"

"Oh, good heavens, how selfish and careless!" groaned David.

"Look here, young man, you come from Australia," cried Miss l'Estrange, bouncing up from her chair. "In London people look after themselves and mind their own business, you see. We are as kind-hearted here as they are anywhere else, but we haven't the same leisure to be kind. I tell you, that if I had had the young lady's address, I should very likely have sent her the papers; but I didn't, that's all, so don't preach."

"Well, better late than never," said David; "just give me the papers now, if you will, for I know her address."

"But where are the papers?" said Miss l'Estrange. "You don't suppose that I keep papers?"

"Don't say that you have lost them!" pleaded David.

"I haven't the faintest idea where the papers are! I was in a regular flurry, just moving out of the place, and I had no interest in them. I glanced at them to see what they were, and, as far as I can remember, I threw them on the floor or handed them to Jenny. It's just possible that they are here now, but I shouldn't fancy so. I'll ask Jenny when she comes in."

"Ah, you little know how much misery you might have saved a poor girl if you had been a little more thoughtful," growled David, and his wrath seemed to cow the woman somewhat. "This name Mordaunt was the maiden name of your predecessor in the flat, who took the name of Gwendoline Barnes; Violet Mordaunt is her sister. Gwendoline is believed by all the world, including her own mother, to have been led astray, and the certificate which you handled so lightly would have cleared her name and lifted a world of grief from her poor sister's heart."

"Good heavens! How was I to know all that?" shrilled Miss l'Estrange, staring. "So it was Strauss that ruined

SUMMER HOLIDAYS . . .

A Splendid Selection of Seaside and Country Apartments appear daily in the . . .

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

The "Daily Express" is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the Country.

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

Gwen Barnes? And this Violet Mordaunt was Gwen Barnes's sister? Now you say it, they *were* something alike. I always put down that Strauss for an absolute rotter——"

"But why, since he married her——?"

"Married whom? Strauss wasn't the husband's name on the marriage certificate! Gwendoline Mordaunt was one, and the other, as far as I can recollect, was a foreign name, von Somebody or other——"

"Von!"—David also sprang to his feet—"are you sure? Or might it have been 'Van'? Oh, try now to remember! One is German, the other Dutch——"

"It might have been 'van,' or it might have been 'von'; you can't expect me to remember after all these months. But I recollect the woman's name, Gwendoline Mordaunt, quite well, because the Gwendoline reminded me of Gwen Barnes and the Mordaunt reminded me of Miss Violet Mordaunt; and the husband's name, I know, was von or van Something, and so was the name of the child—a boy it was—I think its name was Henry——"

"Hupfeldt?" suggested David suddenly.

"Hupfeldt? It might have been Hupfeldt. I really can't say now. I'll ask Jenny."

"At any rate," said David, calming himself with a great effort, "we have the certain fact that Gwendoline Mordaunt was a wife. Good, to begin; most excellent, to begin. You can't say where the marriage took place? No other information at all?"

"I'm sorry, since it is so mighty important, but I'm afraid not. However, I'll do my best for you. I'll see if I or Jenny can remember anything. When we left the flat there was a grate overflowing with my torn-up letters, and Jenny may have thrown the certificate on that grate, or the bits of them, or she may have dropped them on the floor; or, just possibly, she put them in her pocket, and may have them still. She will be here in less than half an hour, so if I may offer you a cigar and a whisky and soda——"

"You are very good, but I won't stay now, as I am in a hurry to do something; but if I may come back—may I?"

"Modest request! As often as you please, and welcome. This is Liberty Hall, you know."

"Thank you, I will, then. There is one thing I have to ask you. Could you point out to me Mr. Johann Strauss?"

"Of course, if I saw him. But I never knew where he lived, and have never seen him since the day I left the flat."

"Well, that may come in time," said David, putting out his hand, "and meantime you will do your best for me in finding out about the two certificates. Thank you for all your goodness, and I will be here again soon."

"Good-bye," said Miss l'Estrange, "and I do hope you mean to give that Strauss a sound hiding some day. You look as if you could do it with one hand and stroke your chin with the other. It would be no more than he deserves."

David ran down the flight after flight of stairs quicker than he had gone up.

"Now," he thought to himself, as he quitted the building with eager steps, "now is the time to give some joy!" Going into the first paper shop, he wrote: "A well-wisher of Miss Mordaunt desires to assure her that it is a pretty certain thing that her sister Gwendoline was a duly wedded wife. The proofs of this statement may sooner or later be forthcoming."

He put no signature to it, made haste to post it, and drove back to Eddystone Mansions.

(Another long instalment next week.)

"I CANNOT help noticing so many absent faces with which I used to shake hands," said the clergyman, when preaching in his old parish.

COMPLIMENTING HER.

AN old lady who lives in one of the mining districts keeps several lodgers, and murmurs have been rife amongst them lately in regard to the quality of the tea.

A new lodger came to the place the other week, and he, more plucky than the others, entered into conversation with her in regard to her tea-making.

"I say, landlady," he remarked, "I have been in a good many lodgings in my time, but you are the cleverest tea-maker I ever met."

"Really, Mr. Jones," said the landlady, "how is that?"

"Because," said Jones, "you can make tea without even colouring the water!"

PRIDE'S QUICK FALL.

Nor long ago a miscellaneous party of visitors was being shown over a ducal palace. One of them, a stout, over-dressed lady, feeling herself socially considerably above her fellow sightseers, determined that they should be duly impressed with this fact.

So after a time she turned to the housekeeper, who was conducting the party, and said:

"And how is the duke? He wasn't very well when I saw him last."

"His Grace has a slight cold," replied the housekeeper, "but otherwise is in the best of health."

After allowing the company sufficient time to recover from the first feeling of awe which naturally fell upon them on discovering that she was so well acquainted, the lady resumed:

"And how is the dear duchess?"

"The duchess, madam, has been dead the last thirty years."

"So he praised my singing, did he?"

"Yes. He said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."

TRAMP (in the country): "Yes; I once rode a bike, but I had to give it up."

Cyclist: "Why?"

Tramp: "Well, yer see, the owner was coming down the road behind me, and the policeman had a rope stretched across in front."

MAMMA: "I'm afraid that young Wilder will not make you a good husband, Clara?"

Clara: "Why not, mamma?"

Mamma: "Because it seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance."

Clara: "Yes, that's true, mamma, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this, instead of only twice a week."

SUMMER ADVICE.

By One Who Knows.

Keep cool in warm weather.

"How?"

By eating Grape-Nuts every day.

"Nonsense!"

No, not nonsense, but a good, sound fact that thousands make daily use of.

Grape-Nuts is a predigested food, which makes digestion easy.

It gives the nourishment without the internal heat caused by heavy carbonaceous foods.

You can feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than your neighbour when you eat proper food that does not overtax the stomach.

Grape-Nuts is made from certain parts of wheat and barley, and by mechanical process the starches of these grains are changed into grape sugar in the same manner as the stomach would do in the first act of digestion.

The phosphates of the cereals are retained in Grape-Nuts, and these and the grape sugar supply the necessary nourishment to body, brain, and nerve centres.

Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food giving strength, vitality, and coolness to the body and energy and clearness to the brain, in place of the heavy, sluggish, draggy feeling caused by meat, potatoes, &c.

Another point.

This food is thoroughly cooked at the factory by food experts, and saves you the trouble.

You get it from the grocer, and by adding cream or milk it is ready to serve.

No hot stove, no cross cook, no loss of time or exertion as with other food.

Its crisp taste with the delicate sweet of the grape sugar makes it pleasing to the palate of the most critical epicure.

The recipe book in each packet of Grape-Nuts gives many pleasing puddings, salads, entrées, and desserts that can be made.

Worth a trial, and a packet will prove it.

CHEATED FOR YEARS.

Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often if We Let It.

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swindled you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in point:

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been.

"Seeing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals, I for a long time looked upon it as a—hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result.

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness both ceased, and I have gained all my lost weight back.

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

Grape-Nuts can be easily digested by babies or anyone with a weak stomach, and the food contains the most powerful rebuilding element known, particularly as relates to the rebuilding of the brain and nerve-centres. It is a delicious food, requiring no cooking, but ready for instant serving just as it comes from the packet. A recipe book free in each package describes many delicious dishes made from Grape-Nuts. This breakfast food is for use the year round.

Tobacco *Have You tried* Cigarettes

St. JULIEN TOBACCO cool and fragrant; contains the requisite for a delightful half-hour. In PACKETS and TINS ONLY.

"St. JULIEN"

St. JULIEN *MILD* CIGARETTES are perfection. WE cannot say more. YOU cannot say less. PACKED ONLY in 10's and 50's.

4d. per oz.

Tobacco and Cigarettes?

MILD and MEDIUM

BLUSHING

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to—Mr. J. H. TEMPLE, (Specialist), 9 Fitz. Place, Golden Square, London, W.

BORWICK'S The best Baking Powder in the World. POWDER

"JUST OUT" Black & Tan BOOT POLISH

The Best Made for BOX CALF and OTHER LEATHERS

Guaranteed Free from Acid.

DAY & MARTIN, Ld.

Particulars of MONTHLY PRIZE COMPETITIONS in every packet.

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Stale Cake.

With the addition of thin custard, makes an excellent boiled pudding. Serve sweet sauce with this.

To Boil Cockles.

This good shell fish is now in season, and forms a tasty dish. Place the cockles in a saucepan with only a small quantity of water just sufficient to prevent the pan from burning. When the shells open, the fish is cooked.

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Spread thin slices of bread and butter with mayonnaise dressing. Put between the slices, from which the crust has been removed, small crisp lettuce leaves. Stamp the sandwiches with some fancy shape and serve at once.

Fried Vegetable Marrow.

Stew a vegetable marrow in weak stock, then drain thoroughly and stamp into neat rounds: drain quite dry. Dip into seasoned egg and breadcrumbs and fry a golden-brown colour. Serve piled on a d'oyley with grated cheese scattered.

Sweet Croûtons.

Cut some neat little rounds of bread about one inch and a half thick and scoop out a part of the centre. Soak for a few minutes in sweetened and flavoured milk, drain slightly, and fry in batter to a golden colour. Fill the hole in each with preserve, sift caster sugar over, and serve.

A Lamb Chop.

To be in perfection, should be cut one inch and a half thick and be cooked well, for underdone lamb, like veal, is unwholesome and unpalatable. The correct cut for a lamb chop is from the loin, and most of the fat should be removed before cooking. Just as you serve the chop, put on it a lump of butter which has chopped parsley and mint worked into it. (*Reply to* Belvedere.)

Cheese Salad.

Salads are always popular, and any novelty in serving them is appreciated. Arrange this salad in a bowl, using lettuce, watercress, etc., and then make a good mayonnaise sauce. Take some soft cream cheese and pound it in a mortar, moistening it by degrees with the mayonnaise. When thoroughly amalgamated pour over the salad, garnish with tomatoes or radishes, and serve.

Oporto Rice.

Swell some well washed and dried rice in plenty of milk, then add sugar to taste and let all cook gently till the milk is all but absorbed; add two ounces of blanched and roughly chopped almonds. Place the rice in a deep china dish, shaking it till the rice lies level, sprinkle it with cinnamon and serve with thick cream on the top. Do not hurry the cooking of the rice if you wish the dish to be at its best.

Chocolate Icing.

Place in a saucepan a quarter of a pound of icing or caster sugar, one ounce of grated chocolate and a tablespoonful of water, or a little more if necessary. Stir all over a moderate fire until the icing becomes as thick as cream. Lay this evenly on a cake with a knife, which should be dipped occasionally into boiling water. When finished place in a cool oven for a few minutes. (*Reply to* Pandora, Jersey.)

An Inexpensive Veal Dish.

Dredge a knuckle of veal thickly with flour, dissolve two ounces of beef dripping in a stewpan, add the veal and cook till brown, turning constantly. Nearly cover the meat with stock, season with a blade of mace, an onion stuck with cloves, and the juice and rind of half a lemon. Cover the stewpan and simmer its contents for two and a half hours. Strain the gravy, thicken it with browned flour and pour over the meat.

Roast Ham.

This must first be boiled, and longer time must be allowed than if it might remain in its liquor to cool. When tender take off the rind and trim the ham neatly. Place it in a baking tin with sufficient liquor to come half-way up the ham, cover it with a piece of greased paper, let it get very hot in the oven for about half an hour, then send in to table nicely glazed or covered with brown crumbs and garnished with vegetables. Broad beans, peas, spinach, and brussels-sprouts are particularly suitable for handing with this dish. (*Reply to* N. L. A.)

HIS SUMMER SUIT.

Many mothers openly express a preference for crash and holland for their little lads' suits, as it "does not show the dirt." When one comes to ponder the matter, the reason is a quaint one, for it is only in the ordinary course of things that clothing will become dusty and soiled. In short, the dirt must be there whether it is noticeable or not, and, under the circumstances, by far the nicer way is to wash the garment periodically whether it shows sign of wear or not.

Besides, there is this drawback to fabrics of a neutral tint. Seen on a child of little or no colouring, the little one looks pasty, and has never that fresh, healthy appearance which might strike one did it wear, say, butcher blue, or, as in this case, dark green trimmed with white.

No. 16535. Age 4—6. Paper pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The useful suit here shown (No. 16535) is intended for a little boy of four to six years of age, and the paper pattern for it is to be obtained from these offices in that size only. Short knickers are worn beneath the box-pleated tunic, and the sailor collar has a strapped edge, a pattern of the strapping being supplied independently of the collar. This strapping, as you will see, is outlined with a series of French knots in a contrasting colour, and the belt, like the collar, is of white.

BOER COURTING CUSTOMS.

The most curious traits shown by the Boers are in their courting customs. A young Boer whose heart has been moved by some charming *meisie* asks permission of the parents to "sit up." The girl's dowry will be 200 *hammels* (sheep), and, if the suitor is considered desirable in regard to land, permission is granted.

The old *vrouw* then places two yellow candles upon the rough table, and the pair are left to themselves, when the courtship proceeds until the last spark on the black candle wick dies out. Rightly or wrongly, the action of salt on the dying wick is supposed to reanimate the flame, and the artful pair sprinkle it accordingly.

SIGNS OF SORROW.

The colours worn to signify grief are different in different countries. In Europe the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey it is blue or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple.

Every nation and country give a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning:—Black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple, or violet, is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope.

The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mohammed.

WHEN COUPLES MAY MARRY ABROAD.

In Austria a "man" and "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of fourteen. In Germany the man must be at least eighteen years of age. In France the man eighteen and the woman fifteen. In Belgium the same ages.

In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth. In Hungary, for Roman Catholics the man must be fourteen years old, and the woman twelve; for Protestants the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen. In Greece the man must have seen at least fourteen summers, and the woman twelve. In Portugal a man of fourteen is considered marriageable, and a woman of twelve.

In Russia and Saxony they are a little more sensible, and a youth must refrain from entering into the bonds of matrimony till he can count eighteen years, and the woman till she can count sixteen. In Switzerland the men from the age of fourteen and the women from the age of twelve are allowed to marry. In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.

TABLE NAPKINS.

Curiously enough, that article, now considered almost indispensable, the table napkin, was first used only by children, and was only adopted by older members of the family about the middle of the fifteenth century. In etiquette books of an earlier date than this, among other sage pieces of advice for children, are instructions about wiping their fingers and lips with their napkins.

It seems that the table-cloth was long enough to reach the floor, and served the grown people in place of napkins. When they did begin to use napkins, they placed them first on the shoulder, then on the left arm, and finally tied them about the neck. A French writer, who evidently was conservative and did not welcome the napkin kindly, records with scorn:

"The napkin is placed under the chin and fastened in the back, as if one were going to be shaved. A person told me that he wore his that way that he might not soil his beautiful frills."

It was a difficult matter to tie the two corners in the back, and it is said that thence originated our expression for straitened circumstances—"Hard to make both ends meet." This custom led to the habit of the table waiters of carrying a napkin on the left arm.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Sponge Larder Windows

Once or twice a week in summer with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. This keeps away the flies and keeps all sweet and wholesome.

To Colour your Lace Curtains.

When the curtains are nicely washed rinse in cold clear water, and squeeze perfectly dry. Plunge into water that has been tinged with strained coffee and hang out to dry.

To Whiten and Improve the Complexion.

This suggestion is sent me by a kind correspondent. Take two teaspoonfuls of flowers of sulphur and mix it in a cupful of milk. Let this stand for three hours so that the sulphur will settle, then apply the milk to the face, leave it on for a minute, then wash it off in warm water. (*Thanks to* Dobson).

To Cleanse Brass Pans

That have not been used for some time, scour with salt and vinegar to remove any sign of verdigris. Clean with a good polishing paste, then rinse out with plenty of hot water, and dry with soft cloths. After treating my brass and copper pans like this I use them for any kind of cookery. (*Reply to* Elise N.)

To Boil Salmon.

Select a fresh, firm fish, wash and prepare it for dressing. Lay the salmon on a strainer, scatter salt over it very thickly, then cover with cold water. Let this heat gently, and only simmer, allowing three-quarters of an hour slow boiling for a fish of eight or nine pounds. Brush the skin over with salad oil just before serving.

To Stop a Leak in a Pipe.

A very good temporary stopping for a leak in either a gas or water pipe may be produced by working powdered whiting and yellow soap into a paste. Press it into the leaking part of the pipe, and put on sufficient to make the hole airtight. This is only a temporary remedy, and should not prevent the plumber being secured at the first possible moment. (*Reply to* S. Long, Wick.)

To Destroy Cockroaches Easily.

Before retiring to bed, place a large basin where the cockroaches are most troublesome. Into this pour a glass of stout or beer. Place round the basin several pieces of firewood to form a ladder to the top of the basin. The cockroaches, attracted by the smell, climb up to the basin and topple in. By day scatter some powdered borax wherever blackbeetles are noticed. If this trap is set for a few nights the plague will entirely disappear. (*Thanks to* Brooklands).

An Ant Destroyer.

These disagreeable little insects can be effectually exterminated in the following way. Heat together in an earthenware vessel till dissolved half a pound of flowers of sulphur and four ounces of potash. Allow the mixture to get cold, then infuse with water, and with a brush apply to the infested place. Not many ants will survive a dose of this solution. For an "ant tray" slightly moisten a large-holed sponge, which can be procured at a small cost, and scatter sugar over it. The ants will go after the sugar until the sponge is full, when it can be lifted up and dropped into a basin of boiling water. The ants will thus be destroyed. (*Reply to* D. S. H. Barry Dock.)

How to Make Simple Toys.

Have you ever noticed how fond a child is of cutting out pictures? Give him a pair of scissors and a pile of papers which contain a plentiful supply of illustrations, and he will amuse himself for hours. I should think these little people would be delighted to find in this week's Home Notes, dated August 16th, a complete set of models ready to be cut out and made into the most perfect set of furniture for a Doll's House. Full directions are given and everything is carefully explained, giving a most welcome occupation for a dull evening. Not that this is the only item of interest in that invaluable little ladies' paper. "A Novel Hall Stand" will appeal to the amateur carpenter, whilst the hints given under the title of "Buying a House" will be of interest to many. Society, Dress, and other useful and helpful topics are dealt with. Published every week. Price one penny.

500 Cash Tickets are asked for in this week's SMITH'S WEEKLY. If yours is a prizewinner, SMITH'S WEEKLY (dated August 18th) will tell you so.

Mother Seigel's SYRUP

INDIGESTION means torturing pain, intense weariness, wretched days and wakeful nights. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain: in short, it means shattered health and a broken constitution unless you root it out without delay. Mother Seigel's Syrup has no rival as a remedy for indigestion. Its reputation is based on thirty-five years' success in curing Indigestion, Biliousness, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys.

GIVES
STRENGTH TO THE WEAK,
ENERGY TO THE LANGUID,
COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC,
AND

"Eleven years ago I suffered greatly from indigestion, which had been coming on slowly. All food, even the least, caused me pain; I had fainting fits, and my heart and stomach were oppressed with wind. If I exerted myself, it made me gasp for breath. . . . I tried many remedies for years, but nothing gave me relief until I used Mother Seigel's Syrup, about three years ago. That cured me completely."—Mrs. Emily Martin, 16 Riddle Street, Rochdale.

Good Digestion to All

THE 2/6 BOTTLE CONTAINS THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS THE 1/1½ SIZE.

COLEMAN'S

"WINCARNIS"

FOR STRENGTH, VITALITY, AND ENERGY.

There are thousands of persons who have enjoyed the choicest gifts of Nature in mental and physical power, who now suffer from depleted energy. Whatever the cause it is not a matter of moment to stop to inquire, the vital point of interest to all concerned is the question of physical and mental reinstatement. Can it be done, and how? The answer is in the affirmative. How can it be done? By nothing more difficult than by simply adopting "Wincarnis" as a delicious nutritive beverage. You may even squander your nerve-force with amazing prodigality, providing you take "Wincarnis" to compensate for the wastage. Go on with overwork without a recuperative pick-me-up and the effect will be disastrous.

A GRAND PICK-ME-UP FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Dr. H. H. P. ———, M.R.C.S., says: "I regularly prescribe WINCARNIS to my patients and am glad to say that it is an A1 Pick-me-up for invalids."

NOTE.—The above is one of over 8,000 Medical Testimonials received by the Proprietors.

Torquay.

Dear Sirs,—Since receiving your bottle of WINCARNIS, I cannot speak too highly of it. I have taken several bottles and have found it most excellent, and have recommended it to over thirty-five different people who have tried it, and they all speak most highly of it. Being in business, I never lose an opportunity of putting your WINCARNIS to the front for a good pick-me-up.—Yours truly,

M.R.

SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT YOU FREE.

If you are anxious to improve your stamina, to be able to eat well, sleep well, and work well, lose no time in sending in the Coupon with three penny stamps enclosed.

YOU REQUIRE IT NOW.

WINCARNIS is sold by wine merchants and all chemists and grocers holding a wine licence. Should any difficulty arise in obtaining it, write to the proprietors for address of agents.

To obtain WINCARNIS free of charge, sign and send this Coupon to COLEMAN & CO. LTD., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and enclose three penny stamps to pay the carriage of the bottle of wine.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Name .....

Address .....

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Pearson's Weekly, August 16, 1913.

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For Scrubbing Floors, Paintwork, Lavatories, and All Household Cleaning.
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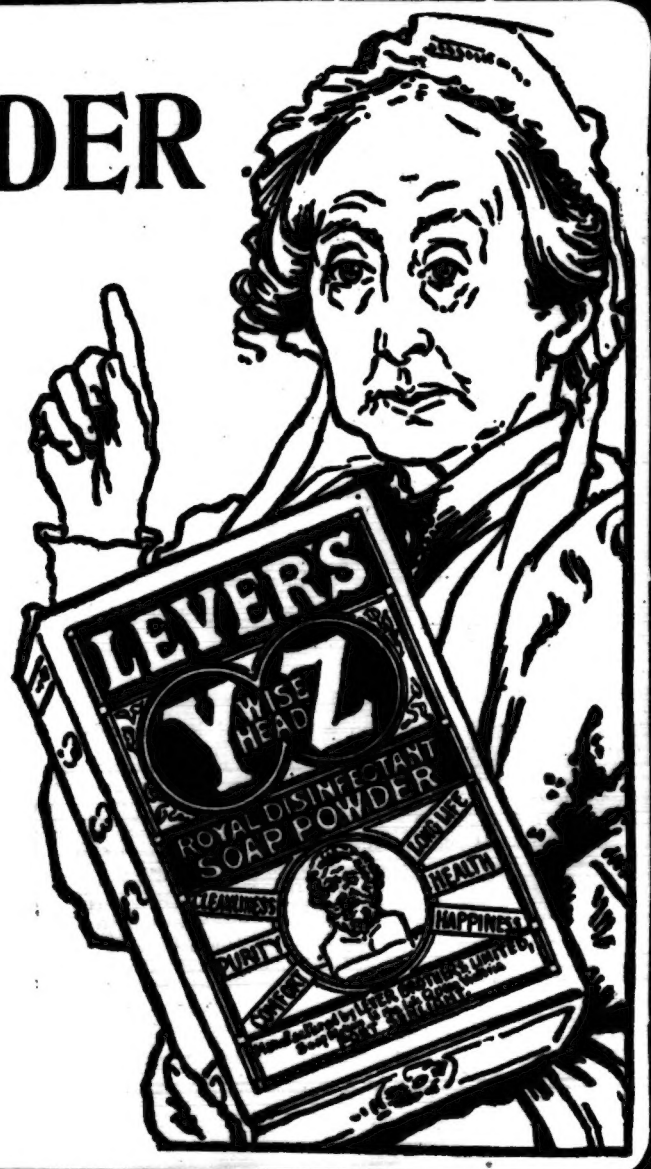

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on Soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THE Mysterious Millionaire is still as busy as ever, yet it must be naturally some time before he can visit all the towns and villages in this country, despite the fact that he has employed fifty assistants. Two or three readers have written to tell me that, although they have exposed copies of the paper in their windows for three or four weeks past, no one has come to buy them. I am not surprised at this. On the other hand, some readers who have been fortunate enough to be visited by this generous individual, tell me that their copies have been exposed week by week for two months past. They had practically given up all hope of ever meeting the M. M., and just when they were in despair he knocked at the door and brought happiness into their hearts by a generous exchange. Friends and acquaintances may laugh at you for showing a copy. Perhaps one day the laugh will be on the other side.

"I DON'T believe all your nonsense about trying to help and elevate mankind," writes CYNICUS. "I called at your offices last week, and tried to borrow half-a-sovereign from some of your editors, and all I got was a shilling from a timid-looking sub., who had just joined."——I'm so sorry, CYNICUS. But it wasn't our fault. You called on a Wednesday, you know, and that's getting a little late, isn't it? Friday is our treasury-day. Come on Friday next time, there's a good fellow, and our fighting editor will be ready to deal with your case on its merits.

"ARE we living in an age of pots?" inquires HISTORICUS. "Go where you will, in any house, pots surround you. They may be called vases, urns, flower-holders, or smokers' companions, but the fact remains, they are pots. Rows of them haunt you, and get on your nerves, or brackets, mantelpieces, and tables. Flower-pots, ink-pots, tea-pots, and coffee-pots—why, even our hats are called 'chimney-pots.' Oh! Mr. Editor, it's too much. Can't you start an Anti-Pot Society?"——I'm afraid not, HISTORICUS. I had only one free evening this week that I could devote to the subject, and I now find that that is booked up by a friend who is coming to take pot-luck with me, so the subject must stand over.

WOULD-BE JOURNALIST writes: "I wanted to spend a night in prison, so as to surprise you with an article about my experiences for your paper, so I knocked off a policeman's helmet. But the magistrate only gave me a scolding, and advised my father to take me home and 'try and knock a little sense into me,' which I am sorry to say he did. I am only sixteen, but I'm going to be a journalist some day."——I don't doubt it, W. B. J., but don't begin that way. Leave the poor policemen alone. They have quite enough to look after without being the victims of every aspirant after literary fame. Your idea of trying to get into prison is original, however. I know some would-be journalists who spend a lot of time trying to keep out of it.

IN reference to the article in a recent number, entitled "Have You Given Her That Ring Yet?" H. H. S. writes: "I think the young man should do the same as I did, viz., take his young lady to the jeweller's and let her choose her own, and see what he pays for it. There is then satisfaction for everyone concerned, as if the girl is a sensible one, as mine is, she will know whether he is paying for one according to his means, or not, and she would also have a ring to her own taste."——This is a bold method to adopt, and although it may satisfy the curiosity of a good many girls as to what was actually paid for the ring, yet it does away with the glamour and romance of the whole thing. At least, I think so.

PAX pleads for a tax on pianos. "I live in a flat," he writes, "and all my neighbours keep these awful instruments—at least, all but one (he's got a gramophone). You imagine what it's like all day for a man doing brain work to hear constant pandemonium around him, and to spend his hours that ought to be devoted to work, idly speculating between the bars of a regular tornado of music which neighbour will be giving the next musical evening." The conclusion of the letter is pathetic. "Mr. Editor, if you've got the heart of a mouse, you'll do something to call attention to this awful horror of our civilisation."——I don't see how a tax will help you, PAX. People will pay it rather than part with their instruments, you may be sure. And then, the instinct that prompts most people to get their money's worth out of the Government, will mean "music as before, but vaster," as Tennyson so aptly puts it. Try cotton-wool.

I RECENTLY published on this page a pathetic letter from a young girl reader, who confessed that she suffered from an intense craving for drink, and asked for help. Since the publication of this letter, I have received some hundreds of offers from kind-hearted people anxious to help her. I regret that I cannot reply to these letters personally, but I wish to here thank the writers for their kindly interest. You will be pleased to hear that I am now making arrangements which I hope will result in great benefit to the young lady.

XANZA is in a curious quandary. He writes: "What would you advise me to do under these circumstances? I have a sweetheart of about my own age, of whom I am very fond. We have known each other for three years now. But lately I have met another young lady, to whom I have become greatly attached. I am also corresponding with another one still, and have been for two years."——This young man is a type of male flirt who ought to be soused in a horse-pond. Whether he has any particular attractions for the fair sex I do not know; but he seems to ladle out his affections in a large spoon, and with a generous hand. It is not for me to advise *him* what to do; but if he will send me the names and addresses of the three girls with whose affections he is toying, I will be pleased to write and tell them what I think *they* ought to do.

"I HAVE just returned from the Continent," writes TOURIST, "and I have come back just a wee bit ashamed of myself. Go where I would while I was abroad, I met with the utmost kindness and courtesy. The anxiety which the people I met displayed to help me in every way simply amazed me, and again and again I had cause to be grateful for the trouble that perfect strangers to me took to make my explorations easy for me. I cannot help regretting the scant courtesy I have myself shown to foreigners in England, when I have been asked quite simple questions by them. However, Mr. Editor, I have made up my mind to behave differently in future, and try and show my regret in a practical manner by constituting myself a guide-book and interpreter for every foreigner I meet who wants help."——Thanks for your letter, TOURIST. I like the tone of it. Little courtesies shown to visitors from other lands cost us very little, and have a real value in cementing the ties of international friendship.

I WOULD like to direct your very special attention this week to the front page of this number, in which is stated the Prince of Wales' decision to become an annual subscriber to the FRESH AIR FUND to the extent of £25. This is an example of generosity which I would like you to emulate to the best of your ability. If you cannot give £25, then you may be able to give 25 shillings, or even 25 pence. Whatever the sum may be which you feel justified in sending, you will earn the lasting gratitude of the little ones whom you benefit.

THE following subscriptions have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND:

Amount previously acknowledged: £2,156 16s. 5d.

W. A. Payn, 10s.; C. Airy, 2s. 9d.; Mrs. Cookson, £1; J. W. Sharpe, 2s.; G. A. B., 10s.; W. B., £5; A Friend in Scotland, 2s. 6d.; G. M. M., £1 1s.; "Ethel J. M. B.," £5; S. B. L., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; Anon., £1 1s.; Miss B. Marx, £1; Anon., 9d.; S. Gasson, 10s.; Miss M. Tinker, 5s.; E. M. B., £2; J. B., 2s. 6d.; J. E. Hargreaves, 4s.; Miss Astley, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 5s. 6d.; I. S. M., 2s.; Misses McGregor, 2s. 6d.; Miss L. Robinson, 5s.; R. E. M., 1s. 6d.; Norah Porter, 2s.; Mrs. Hamilton, £1; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; Miss Solly, 2s. 6d.; J. O. S., 1s. 6d.; Miss Dashwood, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Harwood, 5s.; O. K., 5s.; Miss Wood, 5s.; No Name, 2s. 6d.; C. D. U., 2s.; Col. J. M. Humber, £1; Father, Mother, and Self, 2s. 3d.; H. Parker, £1 1s.; Miss Coode, £1 1s.; K. B., 1s. 6d.; S. G., 2s. 6d.; A Reader of *Punch*, 9d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; T. Dunn, £2; Miss M. Alexander, £1 1s.; F. A. Scott, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Miss Goss, 2s.; A. E. W., 2s. 6d.; K. B., 1s. 6d.; F. A. Collier, £1; A Day for Four, 2s.; E. A. Jones, £2; Willie and Percy Brown, 2s.; A Reader of *Punch*, 5s.; C. S. W., India, 4s.; J. Butler, 1s.; Mrs. Hailstone, 1s.; Admiral Selway, 10s.; Miss Waugh, 5s.; A Reader of *Punch*, 1s. 6d.; Elsie Wood, 5s.; R. S. Woodward, 5s.; M. Borrill, 2s. 6d.; No Name, 2s.; For Seven Children, 5s. 3d.; Mrs. Jackson, £4; "For Ten Little Ones," 7s. 6d.; J. W Carrington, 5s.; D. N. Mackay, 4s.; H. Llewellyn, 5s.; Anon., 10s.; B. and O., £1; H. Bennett, 5s. 3d.; W. Mackerell, £1 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; J. T. Pearse, £1 1s.; W. W. Rong, 1s.; A. L. Cowan, 2s. 3d.; No Name, 5s.; M. E. H., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. McPhanie, £5; Anon., £1 5s.; E. H. C., 2s.; Mrs. B. Pearce, £2; Mrs. Gunther, £1 1s.; Mrs. Perkins, 10s.; Kathleen M. Pitty, 2s. 6d.; H. S., 10s.; Miss and Mrs. Dawes, £2 2s.; A Friend of Mr. Punch's, 10s. 6d.; M. W., 1s. 6d.; In Imitation of Marie, 9d.; E. P. Smythies, 5s.; R. S., 2s.; Miss Simmons, 5s. 3d.; J. O. B., 2s. 6d.; P. Alford, Calcutta, £1; Alpha, 5s.; Mrs. O. Starnes, 5s.; Mrs. M. H. Thomas, £2; O. T. V. B., 6s.; Trellisfal, 5s; A Lover of Children, 1s.; Saxon, 1s. 6d.; L. C. L., 2s. 6d; Mrs. C. B. Harvey, £2 2s.; H. T., £10; Spital, 1s. 6d.; Sexagea, 10s. 6d.; J. Cullack, 2s.; Elstow, 2s.; Mac, 9d.; B. O. S., 2s. 6d.; I. B. W., 1s. 6d.; In Memory of Our Dear Ernie, 10s., Anon., 1s. 6d.; Jane, 2s.; R. Huisman, 5s.; G. Ritchie, £1 1s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Adams, 2s. 3d.; E. W. W., 2s. 6d.; F. M. W., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 9d.; K. L. Bilbrough, £4 1s.; J. S. M. B., 1s. 6d.; H. and A. B., 1s. 6d.; Col. G. H. O., 4s.; F. G., £1 1s.; Thankful, 2s.; Tennis, 10s.; Mrs. Anderson, 10s.; A. E. Taylor, 10s.; Lolly, 4s. 6d.; P. Butler and Others, 10s. 6d.; No Name, 6s.; Lest We Forget, 2s. 6d.; Enjoying a Holiday, 4s.; H. R. W., £1 1s.; Poisson Volant, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Tawse, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Christian, £2; Fleetwood, 2s.; *Punch's* Appeal, 10s.; H. and R. Moore, 1s. 6d.; F. H. F., 1s.; Miss Brett, 2s.; A Sympathiser, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; K. P. W., 5s.; Happy Well-wisher, 1s. 6d.; Miss Ritson, 10s.; J. F. H. and W. S. C., 4s. 6d.; Le Marchand, 7s.; Miss D. Morrison, 7s. 6d.; F. D. Brighton, 2s.; One Who Loves the Children, 4s. 6d.; E. L. D., 5s.; Francis, 2s.; F. E. Rogers, 5s.; A. H. M., 2s. 6d.; J. A. Deverux, £1; Eric, George, Cyril, and Billy, 4s. 6d.; V. A., 9d.; Miss Forrest, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Webb, 12s. 6d.; H. A., 2s. 6d.; A Reader of *Punch*, 3s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.

COLLECTED: Result of Bazaar organised by Master Hutchinson, £6 1s. 5d.; Howell's School, per Miss M. Kendall, £3 5s.; J. Brice Baldock, 17s. 2d.; Members of Staff, Standard Bank South Africa, 12s.; J. M. Davis, 10s.; Members of Komati Poort Railway Institute, 11s. 6d.; Ivan Atkinson, 4s. 8d.; Bermuda, 6s.; Norrie Highley, 2s. 7d.; Ravilions House Cricket Club, per S. R. B., 5s.; Friends, 11s.; Florence Crate, 7s. 9d.; Miss D. Hulland, £1 2s.; Publication Department, Ordnance Survey Office, per Sergt. Pratt, 8s.; O. E. P., 3s. 2d.; Mrs. Perfect, 10s.; Staff, 6s. 1d.; Mrs. Mingay, Natal, £3 2s.; H. Woodhouse, 1s.; M. E. O., 15s.; Engineering Department, London County Council, per H. A. Thurston, £3 2s.; A. and H. Brookes, 6s.; A Thankoffering, 2s.; W. F. Perree, 5s.; Mrs. Lawrence, 10s.; Manchester and Southport, 8s. 6d.; Cecil H. Court, 10s.; Annual Dinner of New Sun Ironworks, per W. Green, £1; Mrs. Brigstocke, 10s.; Kathleen Morrison, 10s.; Mother and Vida, 10s.; Seaford Convalescent Home, per R. Y., 2s. 3d.; W. E. Salt, 8s.; Balance over Sandon and Co.'s Beanfeast, per E. Beattie, 11s.; Miss Dorothy Bean, £1 10s.; The Misses Forbes, 10s.; Nellie Gates, 11s. 6d.; Collection at Tonna Church, £1 7s.; At Celfan, 3s. 9d.; Rechabites, 1st Gloucestershire Regiment, India, 10s. 6d.; The Heathens, £1 1s. 3d.; Fine Money, Southend College, 11s. 6d.; Ada Hyde, 2s.; T. Watkins, 4s.; E. Cannon, 10s. 6d.; Surplus of Beanfeast, Acton Hill Works, per W. Barbet, 9s.; H.M.S. *Dominion*, per E. June, £3 10s.

Grand (*P.W.*) total: £2,303 15s. 7d.

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

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Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

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Signature..

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, August 9th, 1906, until midnight, Friday, August 17th, 1906.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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no further mistakes of this kind. Unreliable preparations will inevitably land you in deeper trouble. Proceed at once to get a box of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** and give them a fair trial. You will not have long to wait for the first signs of returning vigour. You will feel conscious that a positive cure is in progress.

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the vital functions will be improving. Appetite growing keen, Liver and Kidneys doing efficient work, Nervous system gathering tone, every sense of depression and languor vanishing like evil dreams. The will to work and the power to do will pervade your daily life so that your whole career may be influenced towards prosperity as a consequence.

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DIFFERENCE

between your physical condition before and after taking a course of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** will now become remarkably apparent, not to yourself only, but also to your friends. When these enquire into the cause, you can honestly give them the benefit of your experience should they appear to need it.

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